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The Referendum Debate: What's in it for Wisconsin these days? As a revival of an old song goes: "Dedja ever get the feeling like ya wanted to go, then ya got the feeling like ya wanted to stay?" **Page 1**



See how Bigg runs With the stakes growing ever higher—\$300 million in ad revenue this year—Canada's TV networks are in a over-the-hill-winner's battle for hearts, minds and votes. **Page 21**



Prince of playboys: Not in any people's imagination or in film would dispute the professional brilliance of Christopher Plummer. But on a personal level? Well, that's another matter entirely. **Page 3**



A scandal revisited What was a poor country like Canada doing in a nasty bit of business like bribing shadowy agents to sell Canadian reactors? As it turns out, mostly estate taxes. **Page 4**



The Divine Miss M. She has been called by *The Times* of London "the leading actress of her generation," but Kate Nelligan remains somehow without honor in her own (Canadian) land. **Score 5**



Why (probably) Johnny can't read: When the condition known as "learning disability" was discovered, the middle of bright-kid, poor-student turned solved. There was a way, fathers said. **Page 5**

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Interview

With Gen. Binyamin Peled, former commander of the Israeli Air Force

He always wanted to be an engineer—and now, at 50, he will at last have the chance. But in the years between General Binyamin Peled, who handed over command of the Israeli Air Force at the end of October, has taken a lightning leap: he went to war in 1948 straight out of high school; and to all intents and purposes he has been at war ever since. His first hour in battle was the lightning strike that destroyed the Arab air force at the start of the Six-Day War in 1967. His first hour in peace was last year's Entebbe rescue, when he helped to mastermind it. It was about Entebbe that he talked first to *Maclean's* Foreign Editor David North while on a recent visit to Canada.

Maclean's: What are you like a king in an airplane, knowing that the real job planned is going on down below and that maybe something you did wrong is going to cost the lives of hundreds of people?

Peled: You must remember that's not a new experience to me. Not long before that operation, we had a full-scale war on a basis much more war at stake. There were moments of tension, of course, and of anxiety and excitement. But you're so used to that those need try and take what comes and make a decision.

Maclean's: How carefully did you calculate the risk?

Peled: When one says "calculated risk," it means that he took into account while he was thinking about all the possible parameters of failure and success that he could possibly go down. And maybe he will forget it in his life, but if he feels that he took all the parameters into account and the final answer says it's feasible, he's willing to take the risk.

Maclean's: And you wouldn't be awake at night wondering if you had forgotten anything?

Peled: I would. I would. I think, like any other military man, that nothing is perfect in this world and there are some things that you cannot control. And maybe the hardest thing is that you know beforehand that success will have many fathers, and failure will be an orphan. But you live with it. It was not too emotional about the operation itself because I felt that even if I failed it would have been the right thing to do instead of dealing. So it had to be done in any case under any circumstances, so anything that might go wrong was in the context of the necessity to do it. There was no question of not doing it.

Maclean's: For the whole operation, for all your life?



The decision to strike first in the Six-Day War was simply a decision of no choice

Peled: No, no. I can't say that. My part in it was to prepare the feasibility of reaching our target and leading and controlling it. I cannot say for any length of time necessary to perform any type of ground operation that would probably be carried out by the ground forces. These preparations were called for. I put them down and they were with some disruption at the military level, but it didn't take me too long to convince them that it was feasible and we were quite capable of doing that.

Maclean's: Did it all go exactly as you thought it was going to go?

Peled: No. There were little things that didn't go according to plan. One little thing, we were supposed to get some live information about some of the landing

conditions, and it arrived quite late. Actually it arrived while the aircraft were taking off. And the messenger who had that information, in the form of photographs didn't find his way to the right place on the airfield. Everyone was bending, and he didn't know who was where and so this very important piece of information got to the tail section and it was not disturbed because the people who got it thought it was for them. They didn't think that the others should get it.

Maclean's: But there always comes a point where having made your plan you are at the mercy of fate?

Peled: That is true. Later, I find myself surprised every time when I speak in normal rational people and they speak of our military operation and they look for perfection that they don't usually possess in their own lives. Life is not perfect, even in the military. And I would say one must not because the military works under conditions where there is much less control than in business, insurance or holiday-making or film-making.

Maclean's: Is it more important to be right

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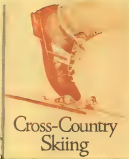
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Canadians can learn cross-country skiing easily because in many ways it is like skating.

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Ski Prepared

When touring, always carry a spare plastic cup, or even a simple roll of black plastic tape.

If you snap a tip you can replace it, or at least tape it back on, and continue as if nothing had happened.

Get your life in shape.

SunLife
OF CANADA



Entertaining ideas from Seagram's.

It's the festive time of the year when family and friends get together. Good food and good drinks are a welcome part of these gatherings. Here are some recipe ideas to help make your entertaining very special.

WHISKY SOUR

Into a shaker pour 1½ oz. of Scotch or Rye, add the

juice of ½ lemon, ¼ tsp. sugar. Shake well up. Strain into a cocktail glass. Garnish with a cherry and an orange slice.

OLD FASHIONED

A new twist to an old fashioned idea. Pour 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., ¼ dash of Angostura Bitters, 1½ tsp. Lemon Triple Sec, ¼ tsp. of lemon juice over ice into an Old Fashioned glass. Stir. Garnish with lemons, oranges, a

peppermint stick and a green and red cherry.

MORGAN PUNCH

For those who prefer a punch individually prepared fill a 16 oz. glass with ice cubes. Pour in 1½ oz. lemon, pineapple, orange, grapefruit juice and pineapple. Add 1½ oz. Captain Morgan Black Label Rum, 1½ oz. Morgan

White Rum, and ¼ oz. Lemon or Cherry Brandy. The glass will pour each ingredient gently down the inside edge of the glass. Garnish with fruit. Serve with a straw.

FOR THE NON-DRINKER

½ a glass Soda and Bitters. Pour into a coupe or into a tall glass. Sprinkle ¼ dash of Angostura Bitters. It's very refreshing.



More entertaining ideas.

When making drinks use plenty of ice. Drinks taste better and look better. Always measure the liquor, use good ice, and Seagram's quality spices. Garnish your drinks for an appeal. Touch a small napkin with each drink to serve as a towel for long coats.

CIN RAZZ

Pour into a shaker 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., add 1 tsp. sugar, the juice of ½ lemon and the white of one egg. Add cracked ice, shake and strain. Add soda. Serve in an 8 or 10-oz. glass.

For a lighter drink, for add a tsp. of Lemon Green

color. For a shaker pour 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., ¼ oz. orange juice, 1 tsp. lemon juice (optional). Shake vigorously with ice. Strain into 12-oz. glass. Top with a cherry.

FOR THE NON-DRINKER

Pour into a shaker 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., add 1 tsp. sugar, the juice of ½ lemon and the white of one egg. Add cracked ice, shake and strain. Add soda. Serve in an 8 or 10-oz. glass.

Color de Merle and top with two and a cherry on a pick.

A FESTIVE EGG NOG

Pour into a punch bowl 12 oz. of Captain Morgan Rum, 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., 1½ oz. of Seagram's V.O., 25 oz. of Creamed Eggs, 2 quarts of prepared egg nog, ground nutmeg and 2 cherries. Mix ingredients and chill overnight. Serve 12 to 15.

In keep your egg nog look and fresh, stir it occasionally and sprinkle on a little more nutmeg.

BANANA DAKLARI

Into a blender mix 1½ oz. Morgan White Rum, 1½ oz. lemon juice, 15 fresh bananas, and 2 tsp. sugar. Blend with finely crushed ice until creamy. Serve in chilled champagne glass.

To provide a glass simply dip in an icy roller and swirl it around a moment or put glasses in your freezer.

Cheers!

or is it more important sometimes to make a decision?

Palach: Well, I'd say there was a certain trade-off. If you have time, if you have enough resources, if you have enough power, I would say you should gather all possible information. But you should also realize that if you work for 100 years preparing the plan, you will never get all the information you need. So as a certain point your planning has to start taking off. If you wait any longer the chance of doing anything would be gone. Some people do this. I told these people extremely in retroactive actions. They always know what they should have done after they didn't do it.

Maclean: Do you rather like it when something cracks up and you have to go anywhere? Is this how you get your kicks?

Palach: This is one of the ingredients of working to be a leader. If everything is cut out for you, you don't need a leader.

Maclean: What were you before you joined the air force?

Palach: I was a high-school student. Then I did one year of national service (1966) in the Jewish Settlement Police Force. We were employed to volunteer for one year's service after finishing high school and I did that. I wanted to be an aeronautical engineer. I had all my advancement papers written out to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology because we didn't have an aeronautical faculty in Haifa at that time. But as things were heating up in Palestine, I didn't think that it was right to fly off to the United States. So I enlisted in the Technion and I only had one semester out of the end of '67 when everything blew up. After suffering for about three months in military burials made of Technion students who took part in some operations, I heard that as an air force we were set up. I really wanted to be a pilot. I went into some office of the Tel Aviv air club which was then the headquarters of the air force to be. I presented myself and said I wanted to be a pilot. And they said, "Well you're a kid, you're an engineer, you have had technical flying lessons. We can't afford to start from scratch. Why don't you join our mechanics school?"

Maclean: Was the war going on at this time?

Palach: Sometimes, though, incidents, a war not full-scale war. Full-scale war happened on May 15.

Maclean: And by that time you had had your three months training.

Palach: Yes, on March 15 we passed as a flight instructor. And on May 14 I was suddenly called up and told, "You pack up your things and go home, pick up some money and clothing"—we didn't have anything and the army was not in being at the time. "And if you can borrow a pistol from your father or your uncle, do it. We're going to send you down to an abandoned British airfield because we're setting up a base there." That was on the Thursday. The next morning the war was on. The Israeli ad-

say that I was the first Israeli mechanic to paint the first Israeli emblem on the first lighting aircraft.

Maclean: By the time the 1967 war started, what position did you hold?

Palach: I was a wing commander, a fighter wing commander, not in headquarters, the way most people have it now.

Maclean: And as a wing commander in an aerial lighting operation which must be one of the most successful, preposterous under the air force?

Palach: Well, the outcome was very successful. And I don't know why people insist on calling it a preposterous strike. It was more of a no-choice decision. I think it is well known, since that on May 13, 1967, we



I don't think any commander in his right mind likes to command anything

were openly threatened and former Egyptian President General Abdel Nasser made a public declaration that he was going to wipe us out, and we believed it. The question arose: could we defend ourselves on the eastern borders? It was very hard for the Chief of Staff to give an answer but he did. He said, "I can't." And from then on it was obvious that we were lost and we might have a chance of surviving. If we stayed put we would have a chance of working. To call it a preposterous strike sounds scheming. Sure, we had contingency plans for that. But I think it was a dramatic situation. If you remember the situation that were running in the world press about Israel at the time, you get the feeling that the right decision was made. It then became a problem with the general forces and they said, "We can proceed, but we have a few conditions: we have to have complete air superiority." That was turned back to the air force and the air force had to say

how, when and where it could guarantee those conditions. So we already had preconditions. It was a big gamble.

Maclean: It was another of those decisions when you make a plan and then don't even know if you find it celebrating?

Palach: No. I felt that this is it. If we don't succeed on the first strike we're going to have to pay.

Maclean: So, it was really quite confident?

Palach: Yes, at any cost, because there was no other way. And the cost was quite high. I don't think people like to estimate the losses when the war is very successful. That gets pushed aside. But if you look at the losses in the raids, we did pay. We lost about 40 out of the 145 planes we had in available numbers.

Maclean: How many people whom you knew were among those pilots?

Palach: Well, about 12 of them I knew well.

Maclean: Do you ever get tired of seeing people who are your friends into battle and knowing they are coming home?

Palach: Tired? No. I become sad. But you must realize that this serving is an air force, you get used to losing your friends along the way. If you see you will find the same feeling in circus performers, tunnel diggers, sailors, high-wire artists, bidders. They lose people from time to time. It's got to be part of your life. You develop a numbness, you know, this is your way of life. The hardest part was seeing the families right after the war.

Maclean: You were saying earlier that secrets last many fathers. I would like to turn that around and ask if the German command and the Magdala was a child of Eilat.

Palach: No. If you look right down into it, Magdala was a rejection of an operation we carried out against a Jewish aircraft that was held hostage in Lod—the Israeli is also on aircraft, it is terribly sad.

Maclean: I'd like to see what your reaction was to the Israeli side.

Palach: I was very glad, because I couldn't control the case with which in previous operations—they gave five million dollars to a group of terrorists who took an aircraft and flew to Yemen—the great German people joined with their sympathy.

Maclean: In fact, of course, it was paid up to the country that is most involved in it whether it amounts to an operation of that kind. You cheer to see an Israeli for every person for reasons. It was, if I may say so, a chance to see a Jewish response. And if you are going to have regard for religious.

Palach: If you have to violate someone's property in order to do these things is that what you mean?

Maclean: Yes.

Palach: Well, do you remember what the Americans did to North Africa when they had the Jewish problem there? About 1949 years ago? And, if you study a little bit of what happened in the Caribbean when piracy on the high seas was the norm, what

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the other countries did? If you are driving me to answer a question if it's morally or internationally legal to violate another country's borders in order to correct such an oppression, it really depends. If the country that hosts those terrorists is an ally with whom I wouldn't have any moral argument. If a country is hypocritical, I may offer you help. But under no circumstances should we die.

Maclean: But in a case like Mogadishu was a "for, or, or not" the first instance where a country voluntarily allowed a foreign intervention squad to operate on its soil?

Polak: I'm on the verge of trying to be a little cynical. If you don't mind. For me, sure that if Mogadishu had not been able to secure a promise by Western Germany for massive help in its fight with Ethiopia, this permission would have been granted. It's a harsh world.

Maclean: So do you think there is something that the president should be followed?

Polak: Yes. But the difference between desirable and possible depends on human nature and expediency. If people stop, then it's a common interest not to let this terrorist game be profitable to anybody. I'd be very glad.

Maclean: But you don't think it's going to happen?

Polak: I think we're in for future, some possible future gloom, where this will not be possible out of expediency. So I'm not trying to delude myself that everything is going to be smoothly sailing from now on.

Maclean: It's someone and that other people do this sort of thing because they are not morally dignified and want to attract attention. Do you subscribe to this theory?

Polak: Yes. I think they want to get public attention. I think they want to become a problem. They have things that they want to get. This is the basis for any assassination that these people are not insane. They are not suicide profiteers. That is why a needed policy will work.

Maclean: Do you think, then, that they can be deterred?

Polak: Yes.

Maclean: What do you think will deter them?

Polak: That when they calculate the risks of operating this way that they will come up with a certain answer every time—that they will get nothing from it.

Maclean: So, if what they want is publicity, in part, what do you say about the operation the world media give them?

Polak: That publicity will be positive for them only if they succeed. But if they fail every time—the world doesn't like failures.

Maclean: No. So you're not for putting a television plane on news coverage?

Polak: No. I think it should be left known that if anybody tries to be going to be successful, he is not going to succeed even if he gets caught alive.

Maclean: What about the problem, though, that you catch someone, that you find them and then some other terrorist in-

puts somebody else and demand they should be set free?

Polak: No deal.

Maclean: But do you think public opinion will take the fact that 50 or 60 hostages are set?

Polak: I don't think the hostages will die. I think these people are not insane. If they know a rational, why should they kill Maclean? So, in fact, what you're saying is that the threat is worse.

Polak: The best way to save the hostages is "no deal."



The best way to deal with terrorists—and to save hostages—is to say: 'No deal!'

Maclean: It is the adventurous spirit, the spirit of Eilat that was the spirit of many people who think of Israel. There are also occasions that disappear and one of them was the air force strike in Lebanon. A lot of people got killed. How do you feel about this?

Polak: I know. Listen. Did you mean that you just got out the events that make us like this or not like it? All those are events of war. How come? Do you think we are a warlike people?

Maclean: I am afraid you may have become one.

Polak: We're not. We're being pushed for all the wrong reasons. Look, did you ever sit down and think what is the basic policy of Israel? I must bring this out because I was glad that, as a military man, I was excited for being an adventurous knight-errant.

Maclean: But this is not what we should be proud for. At the inception of the Zionist movement immediately after Herzl said that the solution to the Jewish

problem is becoming sovereign again, there was a big question of "How do we get about it?" If you look back into the recent history of the turn of the century there was a big division of opinion among the people who finally made up the Zionist movement about how to go about it. Some people like Zepotenski said that we should not be hasty, we should take it. It's ours and we'll take it, by force if necessary. The other part, which was the majority, led by Weismann said, "No. We are a moral people. We have a tradition to uphold. We invented Zion. We invented Israel. We cannot come out against that tradition. We should do it another way. We should let up funds to buy the land from the Arabs who want to sell. We shall work hard to get the benediction and blessing of the enlightened world. We will go to the United Nations. We'll split our minds, we'll try to infuse the people of our rights, we shall never put up arms in order to gain our political ends." That's been the basic premise of Israel as a sovereign nation, never to take up arms to achieve its political aims.

Maclean: Nevertheless.

Polak: Nevertheless, the things we're being pushed for is the way we make

Maclean: Yes. And I don't think that that's an excuse.

Polak: Alright, now I come back to the question. That time to time we do something that annoys you. It's not up to the standard, the high moral level of France. Why do you want to spend it by killing 100 Arabs? And it's my air force, you say. Let me ask you a question. Which act would you prefer? To have a place where we have poor intelligence that the group that just fired the rockets including in a camp or it is a house or an archipelago. Or would you rather that we machine it two or three days, look over northern Lebanon, and started killing the bad people from the good guys, and we'll have to say yes in for about three months to do it.

Maclean: Yes, obviously you can justify it as their grounds.

Polak: I'm not justifying it. Personally, I am against using the air force on innocent military targets. I call it a mistake of air power. During the period between 1967 and 1973 we did a lot of it, and my biggest argument with the deputy chief of staff, who is now the defense minister, was that I said that this is a mistake of air power. Let us arm, do not advise it.

Maclean: So you feel the Israeli are misused by world opinion as a warning people?

Polak: Nobody would the fact that we've made the country into a prison. That we are the best in the world in technology, that we have become a center of science, that we have become a cutting post, a social experiment of the highest order in managing young people from the differences in culture of 2,000 years makes us a great book into a nation. Nobody understood that. Every body mentions Eilat, the Six-day War, the fact that we are professional soldier soldiers.

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How it goes in the trenches of Westmount: a report from the front

Column by Mary Peate

I have a friend living in Dorval, Ontario, who grew up on the same street as I did in Notre Dame de Grèce, a district in Montreal's West End. Whenever I talk to her on the phone, I ask what the feeling is among her family and friends in Dorval, Quebec, and separation, and she says they hardly ever talk about it.

My God, that's all we talk about!

The conversation has been going on since former Premier Robert Bourassa called an election at the time when even one of his own aides described him as "the most hated man in Quebec." That election announcement plunged us into a state of substantial depression. The discussion then was how we could vote again for those wonderful folks who brought us Bill 22, and for someone whose scandal-midnight cabinet avoided the reputation of the Winnipeg gang. Then, even the Union Nationale started looking good to some, and when René Lévesque came up with his "good government" promise, he was taken of by others as a possible Saviour.

On November 15, 1976, I happened to be in, of all places, the Dorval Inn in Las Vegas in a room just approaching 50-year-old decadence, offering as it did a bathtub built for two, and two television sets. When I turned on the one at the headboard, hoping for results of the election, all I could get was sound, but no picture. And what a sound it was—the 90-minute celebration in the Paul Sauvé arena, I rushed into the sitting area to turn on the set there. Somehow it seemed odd right and fitting to be hearing about the 90-minute in a place so totally removed from reality as Las Vegas.

One by one hotel offices have moved out, and one by one 10K adult signs have gone up in Montreal's West End, as we watched our property values go down.

Some people have developed ideas, some hypertension, some ulcers, some the heart's loss of passion. I, myself, have taken to cleaning my teeth.

My 10-year-old daughter makes a daily count of houses for sale on the route she walks to school. And each day she has another schoolmate's departure to report. Such a move led to Stoney, Bellevue, back to Annapolis, Hilary moved to New York City (we know where I was put

to the task of explaining what "out of the frying pan and into the fire" meant).

A whole generation of kids is growing up thinking the words *Casualty Loans* are only uttered through grating teeth. They've learned such beautifully as anglophone, francophone, allophone (people who speak neither French nor English). And Newspaper words such as *independence* instead of *separation*, because Premier Lévesque moved us into the media that it was the okay word.



"What's difficult," my endorser reflected as he poked around my teeth (all that teeth-cleaning takes its toll), is, first, trying to make the decision about our unity, and then trying to decide where to move. I've been offered a teaching job in St. John's, but I don't know. Do you know anything about St. Louis?

"It's a hell," I replied. Although some red adult signs in Westmount have appeared (no STAYED signs, and one Westmount man has had his hand lapped buttons made up reading *STAYED* UNSTAYED).

Nevertheless, these signs admonishing the last Anglo out of Quebec (no) please turn out the lights, have appeared in some restaurants, when, a few weeks ago, the massive province of Quebec suffered a massive power failure and all the lights in Quebec had to go out for several hours, my first thought was that it had finally happened.

Those of us Westmounters who are hanging in have another topic of our never-ending conversation—the luxury of

grasses we sing for the quality of life here.

"Where else," we ask each other, "could you live in a city within a city that's just minutes from the centre of a city like Montreal? And have spectacular skiing a mere hour away? And in the summer, lakeside cottages without any property containing distance? Where else could you find better public or private schools and recreational facilities? And certainly nowhere in North America is there such bargain housing, with houses of equivalent value selling for twice the price in Toronto's Rosedale, and three times the price in, say, Westlake Trust, California.

Then there are the friendships and relationships some Westmounters have built up sometimes spanning three and four generations. My own children are fourth generation Westmounters on their father's side, fifth generation Quebecers on my father's side, eighth generation Canadians and eleventh generation North Americans on my mother's side, and you now they're being asked to fold like the new kids in town.

Sometimes I displace of myself using proverbs by a house in California with only the occasional earth tremor concerns me. I have a friend who has moved to California, and she still gets misty over the thought of Quebec's departure. Some. With me it would be how Donatien Siquéris looks at night in winter and Crescent Street and Place Jacques Cartier in summer, and the best scenery on Westmount mountain in the fall.

One can't help feeling at times that life in Quebec is a Glenside Row, and all of an "Anglo" mostly consciousness, waiting for the final hour.

But on occasion today we talk about the possibility that, as a tremendous act of faith in Canada's future, head offices would move into Quebec. That Claude Ryan, editor of *Le Devoir*, and a man respected by all Quebecers for his fairness and reasonableness, will become the leader of the Quebec Liberal Party (even though he himself says he will remain in the newspaper business) and that we could dramatically vote the Parti Québécois out.

Mary Peate is a Montreal author and singer who

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Letters

A gentleman and a scholar and a judge of fair practice

After reading *A Gentleman Of The Old School* (October 17) I am in complete agreement with Dr. John Godfrey regarding his sympathy for the Québécois and



Godfrey: the present-minded professor

his insistence on bilingualism at King's College. As a Scot and an ardent supporter of Scottish nationalism for many years, I can fully understand the frustrations and problems the Québécois have to put up with from the English-Catholic majority. If, in the past, English-speaking Canadians had treated their French counterparts as equals instead of as second-rate citizens, there would not be this feeling of resentment and distrust which exists today. Dr. Godfrey has my utmost respect and admiration as a fair-minded and just man.

MICHAEL M. DODD, VANCOUVER

Glancing through *Maclean's* I was startled by a lovely figure of dignity. That definitely a "gentleman of the old school." Alas, before mine eyes was but a familiar

face. Not recognizable as a college president perhaps, but he had to be a professor with whom I was once acquainted. "Sir" John Godfrey was the bold master of history who taught me three years of the worldly past. I thank you for an extremely accurate account of the "insoucious" one and his recent exploits at King's College.

BARRY K. LEWIS, WOODBINE

The gliding of *Stimpert's* Tom

You say in *Sex In The Marchand* (September 5) that the first album Carroll Baker recorded for RCA went "gold" after selling more than 50,000 copies in Canada and that this was "a success no other Canadian country performer has achieved." Several years ago the music industry trade magazine, *Arise*, established their Gold Leaf Awards. These awards were given for albums that were Certified Gold with sales of 50,000 copies in the full year. All companies applying for a Gold Leaf Award had to submit to its audit to make certain the figures were authentic. *Stimpert's* Tom Carson won two Gold Leaf Awards, one for *My Teenager's Grounds* in 1972 and the other for *After The Spell* in 1973. This would make him not only the first Canadian country artist to have obtained a certified 50,000 in sales, but also the first to have done it more than once.

JOY KATYLL, PRESIDENT, ROOST RECORDS LIMITED, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

A history lesson in history's lessons

We read with great surprise J. G. Tyrrell's letter (October 17) on the "poor intention" of Regulation 17. To say that it was issued as an attempt to improve the quality as the teaching of French in Ontario is

completely ridiculous. It shows just one more time that some Ontarians "want" to ignore the history of their cause for the francophone minority. In a well-documented book, Robert Chagnon shows that the intentions of Bishop Fallon and of some Conservative leaders were precisely to "perpetuate" the majority from a possible domination of the French people. Mason Wade, one of Canada's greatest historians, writes in *Chagnon's Language And Anguish: A History Of English-French Conflict In Ontario* that the "perpetuate Bishop Fallon, defender of the Irish faith against French encroachment," was the leading force toward the implementation of Regulation 17. Our paper was founded to fight the ignominious intentions of Regulation 17. We believe that the results of the ruling were exactly opposite to those expected. Franco-Ontarian level and fought back and the problem is that they still have to convince us of their rights in 1977.

EDITORIAL TEAM (DOMINIQUE M. GOSBOUT, CLYTON ARCHAOLD, GUY LACOMBE, PIERRE TREMBLAY, LE DROIT, OTTAWA)

A different school of thought

While many Westerners have come to know and enjoy the inevitable jokes and disputes about the potpourri provinces found in *Maclean's*, there are times when a slight correction must be made. After Judith Timmons polemic appropriation of Saskatchewan as *RED IN PLAY IN SASKATCHEWAN* (September 19), she refers to Ken Mitchell's place of employment as the University of Saskatchewan in Regina. The correct name is the University of Regina.

LYNN GOLDMAN, COMMUNICATIONS OFFICER, UNIVERSITY OF REGINA, REGINA

Oh, I always wanted one.

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Better to be an ACTRA than a critic. Sandra Murray's *What Is ACTRA And Why Is It Doing These Terrible Wonderful Things?* (October '71) is a frightening example of the sort of lunacy that transforms the free press into a slobber press. The article denigrates Canadian ability and displays a head of centropinosis, expressing itself in the view that what is important in art is not what is Canadian but what is good. Such a view has genuine validity, of course, except that it is all too often largely the product of tastes developed as the result of the massive influence of language art in this country. For example, Murray suggests that none of the suggestions to ACTRA's policy comes from the union's few members earning more than \$25,000. This, combined with the charge that the union is dominated by its over-privileged and cowardly performers and, therefore, engaged in the pursuit of individualism rather than artistic integrity, seems to assign a dollar value to artistic integrity and its concrete consequences for Canadian culture. It practically forecloses any attempt to encourage the growth of a newly based professional artistic community. If earnings are a fair indication of artistic integrity, and if only a few Canadian performers earn a reasonable income, one must conclude that most Canadian performers are not real artists.

Our union enjoys a high level of activity by members who know their professions well and have demonstrated the value of their knowledge, ability and experience time and again in ACTRA's history. It would take a great deal of insight and research to discover just what social and professional strikes run the union and the answer would not be the casual and unemployed performer. As for closed borders, ACTRA does not, except for its art and will not have a closed border we did not want. It was forced on us by the unions and governments in other countries as a response to their own employment problems. At present Canadian performers may accept compensation from their peers outside Canada but are denied the opportunity to compete in radio, television and film in other countries. It is well and good for the politicians of a union outside Canada to say they favor lowered barriers in principle, but it is quite another thing to get them to agree on a viable reciprocity in practice. Finally, Murray suggests that the CAC wants no more than the freedom to work with foreign performers if a suitable native cannot be found for the role. "All we want is some assistance that such is indeed the case, that in giving us workers the civic and other advantages have made a legitimate and worthy effort to find Canadians suitable for the roles."

DONALD FARRISON
NATIONAL PRESIDENT, ACTRA TORONTO

The hearts of the very lucky

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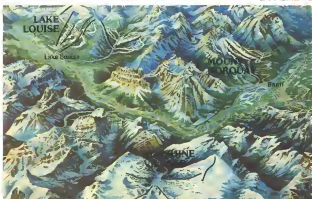
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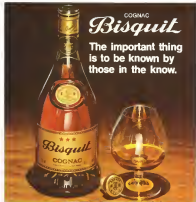
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Of The Very Rich? (October 30), but certainly there are few people going to university to get rich quick. A university education is little help on the job market, and more than ever the only plausible option to attend university is to get an education.

Ontario has recently decided to cut back on grants to graduate students and this allows the government to bring in a slightly less unbalanced budget. It will also allow the unemployment rate of Bachelor of Arts and Science graduates to rise to the levels for Master and PhD graduates. What else can happen in the short term?

Until the government and the public accept that it is advantageous to educate our young people and that this education takes longer than 13 months longer than 17 years to complete, Canada stands little chance of improving its situation in the world. The most likely is over that a balanced budget. We may become completely out of touch with the passion in terms of scientific research and advances in the arts. If find a sad thing that scholarship students could be the only students to make it to graduate school—especially considering what a poor student Albert Einstein was.

W. J. THORP
SCARBOROUGH, ONT.

Prior commitment

Sandra Peredo could not have been aware of the existence of the Ontario Multicultural Theatre Association when she wrote in *Little Starvation For The Foreign Trade* (October 3) that, before the opening of The Primary English Class theatre in Toronto was "unavoidable" to those whose mother tongue was not English or French. Since its inception in 1971, the Toronto-based Ontario Multicultural Theatre Association has encouraged and assisted its 37 multicultural theatre companies in producing theatre for their particular communities. We also stage a multicultural theatre festival annually and this year's festival will feature 19 of our groups representing 12 different cultural backgrounds.

JUDY POLONKA, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
ONTARIO MULTICULTURAL THEATRE
ASSOCIATION, TORONTO

A Proposal not without honor

In *See Ya The Goodbye* (September 1) the statement that Carolyn Baker is "the biggest name in Canadian country music" is undeniable. She received the coveted Big Country Music Award in 1977 for "Top Country Female Singer for the third year running. However, to denote the reputation of Florence Probyn in order to describe Baker's success was totally unnecessary. To state that the "blue-eyed band Whiskey River" have little use for Probyn "is unfair. We certainly did not launch 'dark' themes which we were careful not to let him hear."

WHISKEY RIVER (JUDITH SMITH, GREG SMITH,
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Lovin' Idi

No, you would not want him to marry your sister

Don't his escape from Uganda, Henry Kyemba was Idi Amin's health minister. The excerpt is from Kyemba's book, *A State Of Ruin* (New Bantam). The story of Idi Amin and his women is by turns bizarre, comic and brutal. To have five beautiful wives is peculiar enough but to have 30 or so mistresses—and about 24 children (the figure varies, even officially)—is even more extraordinary. Curiously, as Amin's behavior toward women has sexual personality is more closely divided.

The first of his wives was the state's first wife. Although Amin had several children by her, he did not formally marry Malyama until 1966, the year he

stormed the Kabaka's palace and became a national figure. There never was a wedding in the ordinary sense; Amin simply paid the bride price and marriage was recognized. It took Amin 13 years to acknowledge Malyama and by then time he was quite ready to look for the customary partner wife. He wanted one from his own tribal area and Kay Adria, a dignified daughter who was both intelligent and beautiful, was a natural choice. Amin knew her fairly well and in February 1966, when parliament demanded of Amin's suspension over a scandal, he took Kay into hiding with him. Thus, while he was formalizing his marriage to Malyama, he was planning his second wedding. The



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ceremony was conducted in a registry of five and Kay wore a white Western-style bridal gown. It was followed by a reception which I attended.

While in senior Achebe had acquired his first wife, Nene, a Lagos woman from former premier Obasanjo's bourgeoisie. It was a political union meant to reassure Obasanjo that their initial differences were insignificant. In 1972, the year of the publication of *Things Fall Apart*, Achebe was in the throes of a divorce from Nene and with the Heartbeats of Africa Troupe I first noticed her with a few days of the union. Indeed it would have been impossible not to notice the stunning Modina. Achebe could hardly take his eyes off the tall-slimpled. Strikingly, despite the fact that she was a Lagosian, she had a more sophisticated look than I had. As I went out one of Achebe's bodyguards ushered Modina in. Their marriage was announced in September 1972, the same month as the ignition by Obasanjo's ill-fated State from Tansania. People were usually listening to radio in the days of the significance at the time. I only to hear that Achebe had taken a fourth

Then, in March 20, 1974, with an warning to the public, the government or the press, Anna divorced Mulyuro, Kiy and Nori. It was done Mulyuro's by voice stating, "I divorce thee. I divorce thee. I divorce thee." After announced that he is needed to remain monogamously with Madoka. He accused Mulyuro and Nori of maintaining businesses (This was true, Anna himself had given these botanical shops in 1973 when Anna prosper was reprobated). He said Kiy was a doctor and that he was complying with complaints he had received saying that their kinship was too close to sustain a

I later learned that there was yet another reason for his sudden action. Amin's first three wives eventually took lovers, and the day before the divorce announcement (his first women—most in their third or fourth year of marriage—threw a party for their lovers. Amin was told and he phoned threatening to come over directly and throw them out. The women, who had all been drinking, told him he could kill

Baraka, Wife Mo. 6
on foot, on road

Medica as he goes to hell. Less than a month after her death, Malygina was arrested in the forests on the Kazan border. She is usually seen struggling in a boat of fallen Kazan. The arrest could only have been made on Anna's words. On April 30, she was taken to prison, lined and released. She then turned into a private life. The following year she was involved in an accident on the old Kam pul. (It later learned that her car was run over by Anna's bodyguards.) After a year Malygina and the prisoner could no longer stand the prison conditions. She was released and the hospital medical staff was quarantined with her and another. Her illness was a calm performance by Anna and a frustrating experience for Malygina.

She later left the country for further treatment and never returned.

In early August, 1974 Kagi was arrested allegedly for being in possession of a pistol and ammunition. Amari visited her and they quarreled through the bars of the cell. She shouted "You can't get me arrested for keeping a pistol and ammunition which you yourself left in my house." Amari finally called her a whore and said she deserved her punishment. The following morning the magistrate simply ordered her and she was released. Not long after this Kagi died — an otherwise horrible death. Early August 14 I was told that one of my doctors, Dr. Mihai-Mihaila

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Canada

The Mounties: It's just one damn (or damnable) thing after another

Robert Simson, the former RCMP undercover agent who first revealed Mountie participation in an illegal 1972 break-in at a left-wing news agency in Montreal, had just been asked if he ever underwent special training for his work. Aired chuckles, Simson told a judicial inquiry in Montreal that the only course he took was one to improve his memory. The benefits, however, were not entirely evident. In hours of testimony before lawyer Jean Kébel's inquiry, which is examining a string of allegations against security forces, Simson repeatedly failed to recollect any other Mountie operations he may have been involved in during the early 1970s.

Commissioner-owned Michel Ducey pressed: "Did you ever see or use part of a file called 'Disruptive Factors'?" an RCMP file. Simson: "I don't remember. Possibly I obtained volumes of lots of things, like methods of inquiry from other forces." The Simson testimony was just one more score in a national dossier revolving around the RCMP, but it was one of the most intriguing developments. It was clear that the Kébel inquiry had established a trail of operations designed to elicit information in the still murky area surrounding cooperation between the Mounties and U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. It was trying to determine for the first time whether the RCMP used CIA tactics and methods in its dirty-tricks operations against alleged subversives in Canada.

In Ottawa, as the regular business of government seemed almost to grind to a halt inside the developing security scandal, Prime Minister Trudeau and his Liberal cabinet began laying plans for an extensive defense and public safety of post police and government actions.

Already the government has confirmed that former RCMP Security Service director



John Stinson authorized a team of Mounties to recruit and copy membership lists of the Parti Québécois after breaking into an office in Montreal in 1973. Simson? General Francis Fox has also confirmed a startling series of other incidents: the burning of a Quebec barn and the theft of dynamite by an RCMP unit in Montreal known as G-4, an operation, known by the code word "Cafédol," in which mail has been opened illegally since 1954, the existence of a spy network, 10-year-old file called "Featherbed," which reportedly involved surveillance of a senior Trudeau government minister, civil servants and reporters who were suspected of being part of a Soviet spy network, and sustained surveillance of individuals, including labor leaders, by the RCMP ("Operation X-8") and the armed forces.

The Kébel commission's suspicions were understandable, given the striking similarity of covert activities by the RCMP and the CIA which have been revealed in recent years. While the CIA connection with the RCMP is hardly a secret—the CIA regularly supplies Mountie liaison officers with intelligence of interest to Canada—Maclean's list found new details on the extent to which the RCMP trained in CIA methods.

Vicor Mandrella, co-author of the es-

As the author of a 1976 Toronto *Star* article on the RCMP and CIA, Mandrella was one of the first to reveal the CIA connection. He said that CIA agents had access to the RCMP's confidential file system in Canada. He said that agents had quickly gathered the information on four people, including Thompson and a Canadian leader, John G. Diefenbaker, who had been in the CIA.



Simson (top) and Kébel: no thanks for the memory

In another development, attention turned to the controversial Rajiv Bhasme, head of an operation called the Police and Security Planning and Analysis Branch in

Big Brother (in a red coat) may be watching you

Prime Minister Trudeau has argued that if the RCMP has to break the law in order to perform its duties, then perhaps the law should be changed. In fact, under a dubious 1972 agreement, certain Members were designated as exceptions to the law and the results—as they are just now unfolding before a provincial inquiry in Edmonton—portray a police with a remarkable disregard for even limited legal restraints.

The Income Tax Act states clearly that the contents of a tax return may not be disclosed except in "criminal proceedings, either by indictment or on summary conviction." This guarantee of confidentiality encourages Canadians to file their returns honestly. But five years ago, the Department of National Revenue quietly entered into an agreement, approved by the cabinet, to hand over tax information to the Securities in cases involving "organized crime."

Testimony presented this month to Judge James Laycraft's Alberta inquiry into our activities has shown that despite their specially expanded powers, neither



the Solicitor General's office. Conservatives Erik Nielsen and Frank Obermaier charged that the branch does not simply analyze intelligence provided by the state but that Browne operates a secret network of paid informants who spy on labor leaders, reporters and leftists. In a rare interview for *Forbes*, an affable and self-pro-

Fox (above) enduring the daily slope, and McDonald (right): who knew what, and when did he start / stop knowing it?

re-military state, denied the allegations, saying Marwan's fly are "absolute garbage." Asked if he does in fact operate a secret intelligence network, he replied:

in which taxpayer and Mountbatten operated outside that 1982-2002 document entirely.

For the Hon. Minister, Minister Broadbent, administrative director of Revenue Canada a special investigation branch, even called "enforcement" restrictive. Would be hard over citizens' tax files merely be cause the RCMP believe they were engaged in criminal activities? That's correct. Nothing to do with organized crime? "Correct."

A chilling hint as to who might qualify for the disclosure treatment can be found in the official minutes of a meeting of ICEA and revenue department chiefs on June 5, 1974. Superintendent Hank Jensen, then head of the Mounties' commercial fraud section, said it was grounds for disclosure if the men are criminally inclined. The program should be kept quiet, he added, since "our [Mounties] would make an ass out of the fact that people are being classified (as) criminals to qualify."

The Laycraft inquiry is not only unveiling unpublishable details of the now-closed criminal investigations. Its success in getting behind the scenes is also focusing attention on allegations by the Keable inquiry in Montreal and the McDonald federal inquiry to shed light on the Mounties' security work.

—TERRY McLENNAN

Source: *U.S. and Other Islands Comparison*



"I do not have no field operations or any responsibilities (for operations) whatsoever."

There is much more of the story yet to unfold in the months ahead, *Sturges* says. Borne, army officials and cabinet members will be called to testify before the Commission of Inquiry into army actions.

sen and reform under African judges. David M. Friedman, with hearings ongoing in Montreal December 5. The government, meanwhile, will begin to mount a case to justify illegal and illicit activities in the interim of measured reaction. The first step at this point came during November when Foa, attempting to justify the opening of a raid, told the Commission that such an interception resulted in the arrest and deportation of a Japanese Red Army terrorist earlier this year. "We can say we were not justified, that it was illegal," Foa declared. "But we should not be too, too harsh in commenting on the actions of these people."

Another indication of the recurring government defiance was the presence of Gordon Robertson, nominally head of the Federal-Provincial Relations Office but in fact one of Pierre Trudeau's most important troubleshooters and Ottawa's ranking maverick, at lunch with Starnes at the Redmen Club in Ottawa on November 14. Starnes is expected to tell the MacDonald commission that some of the Meeus accusations were not regarded at the time as illegal aid, at any rate, were justified by them as to national security.

It is arguable that this is some support among the parliamentary opposition. In a letter to his constituents on November 2, for example, Conservative Leader Joe Clark acknowledged: "It is generally accepted throughout the world that governments, on occasion, have to monitor and follow some secret activities." Clark began the letter with a euphemism from the Moscow to the source of ministerial accountability. At one Clark said neatly summed up the opposition's dilemma: "It is not polite to attack Stargis at Prescon."

ONTARIO

Old Blue Eyes is back

"Why does everybody pick you for Paine Minister every time there's a vote?" the baldy guy wanted to know. The question stopped Paine Trudeau's during a November appearance on *Roscoe Knows*, the children's television show. "That's very hard to say. Very hard to say," equivocated Trudeau. "I guess they just like my name, Paine." But as winter approached, Trudeau proceeded to demonstrate why he is another one.

Faced in a daunting combination of economic crisis, constitutional instability and security scandals, the Prime Minister has responded with a dazzling display of political one-upmanship. First he defended the *MI6* and forgave the blunder for its past transgressions: "by and large, our police have been pretty competent in preventing subversion and terrorism," said Trudon. "We must make sure they have the right tools." Although his remarks assigned overt responsibilities, he seemed to have captured the public mood while the opposition parties began to stir a backlash to their attacks.

Next, operating on the theory that the best defense is an offense, Treisman took on



the issue of the alleged bugs in the offices of Conservative Leader Joe Clark and his Minister MacKay and suggested they were "phony" and had been planted by the Times themselves. The Conservatives demanded that Trudeau withdraw the remark and, in the belief of the Speaker, he did, but not without adding that he still thought there was something "fishy" about the whole affair. A subsequent report by Bell Canada on the device found in Clark's telephone did not clear up the mystery. Bell said it could, in some circumstances, have been used in a bug, though there was no evidence that this happened.

Before the fence had been set in permanent, Trudeau was on the road, on an working trip to Toronto, Hamilton and Guelph in the heartland of industrial Canada, where the next election will be decided. The trip was planned to be a "fact-finding mission" with young people and ethnic groups, key politicians in the Liberal coalition ("You dance with them that brought you," explained one Trudeau aide.) Trudeau showed his old charm: "It's got such beautiful cities," gushed Valérie Plé, his 20-year-old daughter. "I love it." He met with Trudeau's assistant, Heather Taylor, who He and Miss Guelph 1977, was the recipient of a Trudeau kiss. "He got in on it," she confided afterward. At a Toronto high school, Trudeau got five standing ovations, replied with answers and jokes, and a rock star's acceptance from Joe Clark, who called the Scotsman Clark might not be in Toronto a few days before, could not hope to match.

But the highlight of Trudeau's tour was the visit of Giulio Andreotti, the first Italian premier to come to Canada in a quarter century. When Andreotti was late arriving in Toronto, Trudeau took the opportunity

The Clarke at the Santa Claus parade in Toronto, and Trudeau wearing kilt in Hamilton: spreading that royal letter



Source: *U.S. and Other Islands Comparison*



to move through the waiting crowd of 2,500 Italian Canadians. Later that same night he shared a platform with Andreotti before a wildly enthusiastic crowd in a meeting hall in north Toronto. And the following evening, Trudeau again basked in the rapturous glory of Andreotti at a torch dance for the Italian presence in downtown Toronto, though this time he commented an incredible diplomatic gaffe: Trudeau misread the Italian national anthem for the national hymn of the Vatican, as playing with a flip remark: "Anytime for a dance?" and misread a priest to say grace.

It will not be all ethnic collectives and sycophantic cheers for Trudeau in the coming months, however. He will meet Quebec Premier René Lévesque on December 3 to discuss the future of the country. Trudeau must perform the trick of appearing both flexible, to meet Joe Clark's desire, that he is a "mug" (foolish), and firm, to avoid any suggestion that he is "selling out" to the separatists. Trudeau must also confront a dismounting economic situation and lace down tight reins on his own cabinet who want to dislodge their government against the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE) and the Ministry of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, both universities of his own government.

So, as Trudeau himself told an equally embattled Andreotti: "I'm not only with those who don't want me, I'm against me."

QUEBEC: Welting for the word

The consensus amongst both federalists and separatists who are anxious for a clear, unambiguous decision on Quebec's referendum on constitutional status. "Personally I agree," Robert Burns, member of state for parliamentarians, told English-speaking friends at a business conference in Quebec. "This should be your question, it should go directly to the heart of the problem and it should be answered by a 'yes' or a 'no'." But Burns, though devoted to his task of preparing a clear-cut referendum for some time in 1975, has to contend with the opinions of others in the Parti Québécois camp.

Levesque: the emblem of the year



Robert Burns was not always as you see him now

The son of an Irishman, he is now a rabid proponent of French province, he dresses in suits from Regent Street and demands British parliamentary traditions yet plays football in the Paris-Quebec football wing. He is a classically trained lawyer who represents a poorly educated working class Montreal riding. All in all, that enigmatic duality of language and ideology that distinguishes the province of Quebec is fully embodied in the person of Robert Burns. René Lévesque's minister in charge of a referendum.

Misconceived duty deep in Montreal's east and between the overbearing Olympic stadium and the St. Lawrence docks, was it at the beginning of the '70's that Burns, 46 years old, decided Burns to the National Assembly back in 1970 as one of the first of only seven members from the Parti Québécois. Spraying wrought-iron staircases took the footcops on streets where family-run grocery stores swarmed as the footcops empty, the area's 21 austere fluorescent taverns flip with workers whose litany of complaints against Johnson and Johnson Ltd. St. Lawrence Sugar or American Can of Canada Ltd. rises over the drone of the television set. Even before his election, Burns repre-

sented these people as a labor lawyer, negotiating contracts. "It was profoundly humbling to have to negotiate in English when the union leaders beside me at the table couldn't understand," he recalls ironically, he speaks no French before starting school. After the death of his father, when Burns was two years old, his French-Canadian mother continued to speak English and live in the Irish immigrant quarter of Pointe St. Charles. But her teenage son is a francophone and her son's enrollment in a French school meant rapid assimilation. As he now notes: "If my father had lived longer, it would be an anglophone."

In 1975, committed to independence, Burns is determined to use the referendum rules through and deserve his favorite name for himself: Minister of Democracy. He holds his referendum, modeled largely after Britain's vote on Common Market membership, to use the cause of independence and remain true to parliamentary tradition. 1. acknowledge the British parliamentary system, of all the systems it best permits the opposition to express itself, Burns declares. "What other system would let a party like ours, one set up to destroy Confederation, take power?"

Burns: with the rest of a no-voter



franchise and 10% seeking for the existing Confederation.

Federalists gained another morale boost this month with the announcement of Jean Lesage, 65, Liberal premier of Quebec during the "quiet revolution" years (1960-66) and the man whose defeat was an important independence catalyst. Lesage to quit the party. As he takes charge of a special Liberal unity committee to plan referendum campaign strategy, Lesage could become the focus that anti-separatist forces have been craving.

Though the final rules of the referendum game will favor the government, that advantage is so far from, in order that often by the substantial lead in public opinion enjoyed by the forces of federalism. If, in its second year of power, the Parti Québécois fails to win a narrow shift in popular sentiment, its referendum is bound to be an embarrassing defeat. Burns' motto

Change: or Television

See now they run

No, ratings never killed anybody. But stay tuned

By Robert Miller

A few days after he was shifted out of his unpaid \$100,000-a-year job as supreme commander of the new and much-hyped CTV Reports program, a despondent Michael Maclean sighed and said: "One hoped that Network was fantasy 1970's, well, I refuse to commit suicide on the air." Whether Maclean's unexpected farewell amounted to a case of life imitating art was uncertain, but it seemed this way as the upshot of Canadian television and in what has become the year of the ratings war. In Montreal, Paddy Chayevsky's intriguing flimsy film about American television commentator "Moodiant for high ratings (a large audience), and somehow Howard Beale refused to commit suicide on the air, after promising viewers he would do so, has been made a reality, which is more or less what Maclean's friends at CTV (and his media chieftains) think happened to him earlier this month.

CTV president Murray Chayevsky thought that disappointing early season ratings for CTV Reports led to Maclean's removal as executive producer of the show's hour-long Sunday edition (he remains in charge of the half-hour Thursday segment and retains on his occasional on-camera role as its host), but they certainly didn't help Maclean's case. The first two Sunday shows of October averaged only 470,000 viewers—disastrously low levels for a Canadian network's current status flagship. According to Chayevsky, the CTV Reports format simply wasn't working, despite the galaxy of on-air stars (Peter Gzowski, Bruce Phillips, Barbara Amiel, André Pyppe, Bill Stevenson) and a change in direction was essential. "Ratings had nothing to do with it." Maybe not, but there is no doubt that this year ratings have become more important than ever before in the panelled offices of Canada's TV executives. For one thing, as finances are being cut back for more frequently (see box,



CTV's Rick and Robertson (top), CBC's Mundy (top) and Chayevsky (bottom) who the message is essentially the same, the president's personality has to be the tie breaker

grooming and viewing habits in Canada. As CTV and NBC desperately try to cut into upstart A&E's phenomenal prime-time dominance, shows are going on and off the air with breathtaking rapidity (in one day this month the fiery *Wheel Show, Raggedy* and *Afterglow's* *Save* were among six new programs killed) and incredibly expensive specials and miniseries (*The Godfather*, *Conquest* by Clancy Davis, for example) are being offered. Programming executives' offices in New York now appear to be filled with revolving doors where before they simply had oval chairs. "It's moved the door there," says Peter Jones, president/foreign bureau of Montecito, Canada's oldest string service. "They're almost got on-line-TV. They're making overnight programming decisions." Says CTV's Chenover: "It's fascinating to watch CBS and not see hitting me with everything they've got." So far, though, A&E, under the astute guidance of miniseries-programmer Fred Silverman, continues to bury its opponents, who frantically shuffle programs and executives in search of a winning combination.

The struggle among the Canadian networks—CTV, CBC and, in the important Ontario market, amplitone and growing Global—is less dramatic but no less real. At stake, the more than \$300 million Canadian advertisers are spending (this year on TV commercials, sports and miniseries) and, in the case of the CAC,

profitability for the hundreds of millions of public dollars it consumes. Once again this year, the most visible battlegrounds are news and current affairs, two fields in which Canadian television has achieved its greatest success. CTV appears to be gaining on the CAC in their long-running national newscast rivalry, but in the early weeks of the fall season CTV was getting clunked in the current-affairs competition. Says Peter Herndon, the CAC's vice-president for planning and the man who launched that network's greatest and often controversial current affairs show *The Fifth Estate*: "CTV made a very determined effort with *CTV Report* to gain back some of the ground it had lost in current affairs, to recover some prestige and also to regenerate Sunday night... But the early figures show that *Marking* and *Observance* [CAC's Sunday night offerings] have extended the lead they need to live over H3."

Aside from the obvious dominance of CTV in the current affairs field, there was little in the initial fall ratings to encourage the CAC, either. Herndon remembers that the *5th Estate* and *90 Minutes Live*, Peter Gaudin's five-night-a-week pub-bag, were really delivering only about half the audience expected of them. Moreover, after Chenover and CTV vice-president Don Cameron made the decision to restructure *CTV Report* last spring, showed the program had already made a sharp re-

covery. In the last week of October, it attracted 1,120,000 viewers on the Thursday and 700,000 Sunday. Despite a clear lead in the current affairs ratings, morale among members of the CAC's flagship, the *5th Estate*, was curiously lower than it was even on Macdonald's Titanic, where the staff was manning the pumps. At the *5th Estate*, ratings were down from last season, the newscasters to be breaking no fluff to cope with the program's worst so far as to land its Macdonald expert Joe Macdonald, to the National to help correspondent Brian Stewart report the developing senior scandal on a daily basis, and network groups were hush-hush with their rumors of backing.

On the front line in the ratings battle are the news anchors, stars of the first night, made by virtue of their ability as well as the fact that they are there, as the major business five nights a week. They are highly paid, cool, as recognizable as movie stars or hockey players, and their style and manner of presentation are considered crucial to the success or failure (i.e. ratings) of their programs.

The anchor:

Peter Kent, 34, of the CAC's *The National*, a Calgarian who looked around in

several reporting jobs (he has worked for CTV and Global, as well as the CAC) before he was tapped to read *The National* a year ago. Kent has done a workmanlike job. "Peter's done well," says Herndon. "Kent is the best anchorman," says Tina McQuinn, 34, executive producer of *The National*. One cause for front office concern: Kent himself agrees that he grows bored quickly in an assignment, that he prefers running around on his highest segment to working. Says McQuinn: "There are things about Peter Kent you have to understand. First, he's the most controlled person I've ever known. The really deadly cure that much about anything. That's why, when he's ready to leave he'll just leave." If he does, he'll be leaving a \$90,000 job.

Lloyd Robertson was Harvey Kerk, of the CTV *National News*. Robertson, 41, is well regarded as the best anchorman in the country, even by the CAC, because he has done last year for a million dollars over a decade and the chance to report as well as

read the news. Tanned with veteran anchorman Harvey Kerk, 49, Robertson has helped CTV steadily add viewers, even though the massive channel-switching many expected when he jumped networks failed to materialize. Says Chenover: "The news is the most important program we do, and I'm very proud of it." As for the success of the dual-anchor approach, he says flatly: "We're outperforming the CBC in every single market where we go head to head, where we have a transmitter and they have a transmitter." Herndon counters: "We [the CAC] still have a comfortable margin overall," and refers to different set of figures to prove it. But, he adds, "I suppose we all need to stress the figures that make us look best." Indeed.

Rae Correll, 50, of Global News. A veteran Toronto Star reporter who a brand-new to television, Correll was chosen to succeed Peter Tinsworth (who left to host CTV *Report*) as the star of Global's modest but much admired news operation. Dubbed the "blue-collar Walter Cronkite" by

Global news vice-president Bill Cunningham, 45, Correll is as hearty as Kent and Robertson are laconic. "I've created the 100-second gentle, but I can beat his head," laughs Cunningham. Although Global has only made an impact in Ontario to date, its decision of putting together a news and public affairs cooperative with four independent Western Canadian stations (CSTS in Vancouver, CTV in Calgary, CTV in Edmonton and CTV in Winnipeg) appears to have at least a chance of coming true, which would mean that Correll's *Kaskadee* crosses and beat-like goal may become familiar in much of the country. Says Cunningham: "We're the Vixen City of Canadian TV. We're gonna see the war eventually." Says Correll: "I kind of like the job, but I'm not too enamored of the on-air part of it. In fact, anyone who likes that sort of work better get himself checked—by someone with professional qualifications."

Right behind the anchorism in the trenches are the hosts of the major current affairs shows—Adrienne Clarkson, Eric McInnes and Bob Johnston of *5th Estate*; Kent, again, for *Newsnight*; Charles, John Weston of *Marking*; Robert Cooper at *The Observance*; Truman, Philipe, Amel, Stevenson, Tom Goldie of *CTV Report*. While few if any of them are as popular as the well-known Mike Wallace, Don Ralston or ex-CAC correspondent Morley Safer of *60 Minutes*, nevertheless they are the cream of this country's television talent and play a large part in the Canadian rating game.

The hosts, it turns out, are loved, feared, promoted, demoted, praised and blamed by a smaller group of senior network executives, most of whom have made the transition from on-air performer to off-air boss, sometimes back again, and occasionally several times. "We're this beautiful deck of cards you can't imagine," says Macdonald, CTV's news boss. Don Cameron and producer Don McQuinn (husband of CAC's Tina), Global's Cunningham and Ken Madigan, CAC's Kingston Noah, Alex Fraser, Robyn Taylor, and to mention Truett, Gordon and so on. Most of the names have been familiar in the industry for some time, although, as Cunningham puts it, "the names we called with other have changed" as most of the men shifted jobs, swapped networks and shifted their roles.

The jobs of all of these men and women have been made more complex by the U.S. ratings struggle this year. For one thing, the blockbuster-type program may have put on by A&E, NBC and CBS (much of it watched by Canadians) has tried to preempt Canadian shows and to frustrate efforts to get a fix on just how well or badly Canadian programs are performing. "There is no such thing as a typical week any more," says one's Peter Jones. "Every week is different."

Also, this is the first year in which Canadian network executives have had con-

Marking, Clarkson and Johnston of "The Fifth Estate" (below) and a handful of Canadian night might be just that. Canadians aren't 'told' public affairs.



The watch that ends the night

In the United States, where the networks receive overnight reports on who watched which programs, the ratings industry has developed a power and mystique of its own. Gimmicks, not just among television networks but also among advertisers and even producers, are made or wrecked by the numbers, according to Nielsen. The A.C. Nielsen Company monitors television sets in 1,170 carefully selected households (there are 73 million U.S. households with TV sets) and on the basis of where those sets were found is able to say, within a small margin-for-error, what the entire country is watching at any given time. To a layman, it seems incredible. To a statistician, quite reasonable. But to the TV networks themselves, it is Gospel.

In Canada, ratings are assembled differently—but they remain Gospel. This year, they are being assembled more often, which is the result of 20 more agencies setting marketing by the two organizations in the business (Owl Business of Montreal, a nonprofit group owned by its 700 members and by Nielsen's Canadian subsidiary) and (b) the networks, ever-increasingly desperate for cash. For the first time, the networks and advertising agencies are able to compare their own Nielsen findings over extended periods. Nielsen, for example, is in the midst of a 25-week sample program, new in a 25-

week one. Both groups believe it's only a matter of time until they're operating 52 weeks a year.

Nothing's stopping their data electronically. Canadian advertisers rely on weekly viewing dials sent out to a carefully preselected sample of viewers. Both offer a 50-cent cash incentive to diary respondents and both report that roughly one Canadian in two takes the time and interest to complete and return the booklets. What those booklets say is analyzed to an incredibly detailed degree by computers and tape and projections thus derived are sent out to clients.

The ratings show total numbers of viewers by time period and channel, percent ages of total audiences, age and sex of



Homerdy's hit flagships are booming

much a nation's market. "I've bought my TV time and now I'm told every week I've made a rotten decision."

But networks are up against it. Canada, from a programming standpoint, according to all three networks. Says Glavin's Cunningham: "My feeling is that if you provide the basic service sooner or later the ratings will look after themselves."

The CTV's Harcourt adds, "We don't usually try to teach the biggest risk about everything we do, although we do set targets for most of our shows. Anyway, we don't make abrupt programming changes because of ratings. Some shows are first developed. I suppose our friends would say we are jittersome; our instincts would call us sluggish." And CTV's Chatterbox says, "Ratings are not the same as the pace in Canadian television, so as related to most programming anyway. We can afford the luxury of canceling a show after five weeks, the way they do in the United States," he adds. "There may be a slight misfit among current affairs viewers this year. It's really too soon to say. But you're got to program for the ones who

viewers accumulated weekly totals (known as *overalls*) for individual shows. And other ratings but credit information. On the basic television situation, let their advertising sales, advertising agencies, compare their commercial efficiency and increasingly network executives decide whether to change, continue or kill programs.

Says George Ralph, head of Nielsen's Toronto-based Media Research Division:

"The main value of our week-to-week sampling is that it enables our clients to detect trends. Last year we did only 15 consecutive weeks, but this year we're doing 24, plus 10 in the summer."

Says Peter Jones, head of sales, "The difference between what we do and opinion polling is that we're not asking people what they will do or what they think. We're asking them what they did. It's an easier question to answer accurately."

Their methodologies are different, says Jones, a much larger sample, sending out roughly 13,000 queries for a national survey compared to Nielsen's 2,200. So queries individuals, Nielsen, to households, there are slight variations in the information requested, but they frequently produce similar results. I am struck," says Jones, "not by the differences but by the similarities."

Nielsen's Doug Kidd says he believes Canada is only five years away from the U.S. style of overnight rating reports. Montreal's Dan Carleton, Global's Bill Cunningham and Cbc's Peter Harcourt can Chatterbox's network be far behind?

don't turn off, you know."

Whether or not he was a victim of ratings, Maclean was left to ponder the abrupt reduction in his responsibilities at CTV. After a few days of agonizing, he decided a made more sense to stay than go. Money was not a factor. He would have been paid his full salary for a year, even if he'd left on the spot. "I guess it just wasn't time to grow," he says. When decided to stay with the team, he put together over the summer, he is reluctant to discuss his house decision. But he makes it clear that "the changes were not cases I agreed with." Again, who he was't say so bluntly, he clearly felt Chatterbox and Carleton were precisely what he was influenced by those early low ratings. Interestingly, even Maclean's rivals think so, too. Says the Cbc's Kenneth Nash, for example, "It's a new show and it should have been given a chance to prove itself."

Maclean acknowledges that the program made mistakes while he was in charge. Some of the shows devoted to a single theme (unemployment, the Middle East, terrorism) obviously failed to excite viewers, and his face-to-face work with live broadcasting—now considered an obsolete practice on current affairs shows—caused a swirl of technical problems that gave CTV Agents an unimpressive look. "I guess we were rusty and it showed."

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comes weekly rating supplies by both sides and the A.C. Nielsen Co. of Canada. To make things more confusing, there have been sudden, inexplicable anomalies in the rankings of the two companies. Says Chatterbox: "The data's not valid, it's inconsistent." The discrepancies are so significant that we've said it's beyond statistical error. "Both rating companies' accuracy is so low that it's beyond checking, although neither will admit having made any serious mistake."

Right or wrong, though, the ratings are crucial to the economics of the industry, which generally accepts their validity. Says Chatterbox: "The ratings are the lifeblood of TV and the basis of TV's rich and powerful CRTC. Ratings are as important to me as circulation figures are to a magazine publisher." The reason is simple: the more people who watch, the more a television outlet can charge for commercial air.

The advertising industry obviously needs the ratings, too. Says Lisa Campbell, media director for Lockheed, Brown & Co. Ltd., which has more than \$25 million in annual TV buying: "We absolutely have to have them. We need them 100%." Our problem this year is coping with all the extra information, but we're learning. In the past we didn't know until January what we were getting for our dollar. Still, it is so

Prince of players

Christopher Plummer, great and small

By Michael Posner

It was by all accounts a very proper upbringing. The boy wore striped tux and blue blazer. He was careful not to put his elbows on the table at meals. He was encouraged to play the piano, but not too loudly, since music was not considered terribly. Christopher Plummer went to church on Sundays and spoke in sermons and was taught to observe the virtues of colored glassware. He called his mother "Mother."

On the grass court out behind the old wooden house, on the 11-acre estate his grandfather had owned, he would stand in the baseline to watch tennis and hit tennis balls with ailing grandpa. Afterward, tea would be served in the parlor and, to an assembly of aunts and uncles invited for the occasion, he would recite an edition from Shakespeare or Dickens, reciting long portions of the text from memory. His delivery sure and melodious, the words shaped into cadences of arresting rhythm. He stood straight and he was handsome and there was music in his voice. At 10, he seemed old enough to be 15, at 15, he might have been 20. He had no childhood.

In what passed for his youth, his mother took him to plays and concerts. He had no brothers, no sisters and in lieu of friends he had aunts—Aunt Phyllis, Aunt Ruth, Aunt Betty (his mother's second), his great Aunt Harriet, his grandmother, Molly Abbott—Mrs. John Abbott—daughter-in-law of the former prime minister, and of course his mother, Isabella (Belie) Mary Abbott Plummer, who had been named for his great-great-great grandmother. The antecedents were all very proper.

All of them, six women and one boy, spent their summers in the great old house



Plummer as Bradford in 1962 (above) and as Henry V in 1989 (below), in a scene from the film 'The Black Pirate' (right) and with director Bryan Forbes on the set of 'International Velvet' (star of stage, not star of screen)





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in Seneca, 30 miles and a century removed from Montreal, on the shore of the Lake of Two Mountains. Next door, some distance away, lived the Todds, who occasionally came to see on Sunday afternoon. The Todds were Jewish artists and did not go to church, but they conscientiously thought it proper to capture the religious devotion.

"And how was the service?" one of the Todd girls would ask.

"Well," answered Christopher Plummer, "the service was rather long."

"Now, Christopher," said Aunt Ruth, sternly, "don't criticize."

"That's right, Christopher," added Aunt Betty, "you mustn't criticize."

"No," said Aunt Phyllis, "you mustn't criticize."

During the 1950s, the Windsor Hotel in Stratford, Ontario, was owned by a young Jewish couple. From time to time, the wife's mother would come to visit, a successful old babe who spoke with a strong Yiddish accent. During one of her stays, Christopher Plummer came in for breakfast. It was the morning after a performance at the Festival Theatre and he was exhausted and rather shabbily dressed.

"Oh, says me?" inquired the mother. "Vould you look at me. How can a young man be so tired? It's disgraceful."

"Mama, mama," her daughter whispered. "Don't you know who that is? That's Christopher Plummer."

"Carpetmen, please—but different does it make? A young man should be look around like dat."

Arthur Christopher George Plummer was 48 years old that month. He has been acting professionally for 30 years. He has appeared in virtually every classical stage play, starred in some two dozen odd (some might say very odd) motion pictures, from *Onkel Tom's Cabin* to *The King of the Kings* to *The Pink Panther*, and has worked under the greatest directors of the English-speaking theatre (Gielgud, Kazan, and Laughton among them). From London's West End to Broadway, he has been hailed as the great classic, the great Gielgud, the great Benayon. Such comparisons are not frequently invoked these days, but he is still regarded—both by those who are his friends and by those who decidedly are not—as one of the finest actors of his generation. Indeed, that Christopher Plummer is a gifted artist is probably the only characteristic of his character likely to inspire any degree of unanimity in the world of the theatre.

Plummer's talent for the stage was (and remains) totally natural. He simply had a just as he had blue eyes and thin lips. Like other actors, he studied voice and movement, but these were merely embellishments to an already extensive wardrobe of costumes after the fact.

From his first stage performance on the stage, the Montreal High School produc-



Plummer as Philip the Bastard in "King John" at Stratford, 1950-1951 season?

tion of *Philip And Preceptor*. Plummer's presence in the theatre, any theatre, was charismatic. He could stand downstage, stock still, absolutely silent and every eye in the house would be riveted on him. He had a way of capturing uncertainty, suspense—ac only among his fellow actors, who despised him for it, but among the audience, who loved him for it. He was unpredictable. He was honest. One never knew precisely what he would do next. Once, during a performance of *King John* at Stratford, Plummer as the traitor now doggedly followed the play's progress in a tent he had brought along for the occasion. This behavior annoyed Plummer, so it did the entire company the more so since the playgiver

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turned his pages slowly and did not even have the courtesy to look up during pauses in a soliloquy. At an opportune moment, Plummer murmured every so the reader carefully removed the book from his hands, held it aloft for all to see and surreptitiously flung it down the gangway. The audience applauded.

Even on the most ordinary soles, Plummer dodged the conventional approach. During rehearsal he would toy with water pistols, becoming one day a fop, one day a romantic lover always seeking an excuse that had not been tried before, some variation on the phrasing, some adaptation of the traditional formula. Sometimes he would not make his discovery until opening night, when the staid voices in the dressing room and the expectant attention of front rowers charged his emotional intensity and he would give a performance that would overwhelm the audience with the criticism and anger his colleagues, who had never seen this interloper in rehearsal and did not know how to read.

His controlling quest for the inventive reading gave Plummer a reputation for selfishness on the stage. "He was a bastard to work with," says actor Douglas Campbell. "Not at all generous. He refused to be moved in a very unmovable way. He never let himself become part of the company, never believed that anybody else could help him, that we might have known a thing or two about the theatre as well."

Plummer was quite aware of his critics, but not much influenced by what they had to say. "I know there was a reputation of being slightly difficult. But my difficulty was with myself, really, with the fact that I was always afraid of being perfect. And as when I was a lack of discipline or on the edge of lunacy, I could not help but express my impatience." Yet there were times when Plummer would sit with great impatience toward his fellow actors and exhibit himself to disastrous requests without challenge. He was just a marvel of inconsistency.

He was no less an enigma off the stage. At parties he would play the piano—he could play anything by ear, from Scott Joplin to Rachmaninoff—concoct and tell wonderful stories, and then someone would say or do something with which he disagreed, some trivial remark or silly behavior, and he would unleash a stream of invective as the offender fled, would silence the party and sometimes end it.

These pubescent knees in dread of him. On at least one occasion, he ran at a photographer during photo call. Journalists would turn up for pressings of interviews and Plummer would tell them to take the afternoon, fold it five ways and sew it in a place where no light shines. Sometimes his language was more direct. Conveniently, he might sit down, relax with a drink, and relegate a writer to loiter with associates of the theatre, behaving with such extreme dietary piety as to instruct his but-



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Earlier this fall, Christopher Plummer came to Toronto, the city of his birth, to make a movie with Eileen Gault and Susanam York. On the evening of the arrival he met with Darryl Drake, the film's director, in a suite in the Hyatt Regency Hotel. The two men talked about the movie, in which Plummer played a transvestite bar-

"It was a marvelous marriage, but I don't know that it was a happy marriage. He was very extravagant and bought me beautiful presents. He sent me cookbooks, glassware with me to learn to cook. I made

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one dish very well" said another, he had in mind the amandine was contagious of his era.

"He came into my life as a bit of a French No one, with the exception of Ned Coward, ever made such an impression on me. He was the first man I fell in love with. I have his child. I have no other children. I wish that I did."

"My happiest memory? Well, no one reads *Plumet*. The *Push* quite like Christopher Plummer. I used to say he was the greatest actor in the world. Now I think the important thing is not to come in second."

"His temperament was the color of dark, broodingly. He had a lot of darkness in him."

He was a cynic, a fallen idealist. He doesn't give much of his inner self away to anyone, but then maybe he doesn't know himself well enough to give it away.

"He is a tragic role. I regret nothing. He used to call me Bob."

During his marriage to Fantasy Games and later to Patricia Lewis, Plummer drank heavily. Drinking was more fashionable then, almost de rigueur among leading actors, and it was not uncommon for him to proceed from the theatre to a party and then the party to an all night bar, finally getting the morning through a haze of vodka or scotch.

Plummer's inebriated wit sometimes

turned somnolent when he drank. However, he held his liquor well and friends remember that about three or four in the evening he would place at his wish and usually compute the number of loaves until certain time the number of loaves to sleep off the effects of the alcohol and appear at the theatre a veritable model of sobriety. He was never drunk on stage.

But as the years passed and his marriages failed, Plummer seemed to drink more. His face became bloated with whiskey. He developed phlebitis in his leg. He was warned by doctors that if he continued drinking, he would not only jeopardize his career, but his life.

The alcohol did not register all at once and with best friend Joan Roberts, a more serious drinker still, he spent many nights and mornings he no longer remember. And a few times he drove. Once Plummer and Roberts were drinking at Frank's and John's in New York. As they drank their conversation grew increasingly broader, assuming the air of a lonely drunk at the bar.

"Wasn't you just back at his long hair," the stars said derisively of Plummer. "I'll bet he's one of those big actors. Can't you big actors shoulder more as a whole?"

The trouble continued for some time. Plummer was then carrying a magnificent sherry over a gift from his second wife. Inside it was a narrow but very sharp wound. At last provoked beyond patience he turned to the drink at the bar and exclaimed with heroic drunken gallantry, "I say to you, at least and gallant. He should be, he would and with theatrical flourish whipped it in the direction of his abuser. Unfortunately, the man was seated closer than Plummer had judged and the sword vodka sailed an artery in his neck, the wound bled profusely. The victim was writhing.

"Do you know that there is a law in New York City that prohibits the carrying of visible arms? Do you know it, sir?"

Plummer did not know it. "Well, I know it. It is the Sullivan law and I know it because I am a lawyer and I intend to sue you for every penny you have."

The injury was less serious than it first appeared and the restaurant management was able to distract him from pressing charges. Plummer never carried the sword case again.

Had he said, the lawyer would have found that the actor had fewer pennies than he might have imagined. For Plummer always spent money faster than he earned and indeed spent it quite lavishly when he did not have it to spend. Always well dressed, he had a closet full of suits and shoes, purchased on credit from an expensive Montreal tailor. Arriving in Stratford one summer he received a fat envelope in the mail. As Plummer himself delighted in mailings, "I opened it to find a thick wad of cheques, money of my Broadway performances. The critics had

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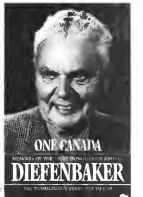
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born generous to eat. A shortline from my tailor was awaited. "Glad to see you're doing so well. Chris Maybes now you'll like to strike your account." Though he left debts everywhere and borrowed money shamelessly, he always repaid it.

Money had to mean consolation for Plummer. It was surely a case of transaction and it did not seem reasonable to him that he skip in from behind of Don Pettigrew or not buy a credit hat coat just because he did not have enough socks in his pocket. If he did not have them now, he would have them later. If he did not have them later—who bothered to think so far ahead?

When he lived in London during the Sixties, he bought a vast townhouse in the elegant South Kensington district and refurbished it top to bottom, importing silk and marble from Italy and expensive antiques from France. He hired a chauffeur and bought a 300-horse vintage car in the south of France. 45 minutes from Cannes. He spent money in though he was America's number one box office attraction. In fact, his career was star bottom.

His pernickie in that decade also struck a kind of note. In 1961 Plummer was interviewed by a *Daily Express* cultural reporter named Patricia Lewis. He dated her and soon started living with her. A year

later, on route home from a late party, got in front of the statue of Queen Victoria outside Buckingham Palace. Patricia Lewis lost control of the car and crashed into a light standard.

Plummer, thrown from the car, was not hurt. Lewis suffered multiple fractures to the head and limbs, a clot on the brain and hovered near death for two weeks. It is said that Plummer visited her into her, compelled her to survive.

Appearing as Henry VIII in *Becket*, one of his major achievements in the theatre, he had a telephone line installed in his dressing room to connect him to the hospital. Surgeons removed the blood clot and patched her face together. Her physical recovery took six months. Then Plummer married her.

They drank heavily and fought bitterly. He was often away making movies on the continent, doing playboy Broadway, going to bullfights in Madrid. To finance his extravaganzas, Plummer began to pay more money to his film career. He once earned \$300,000 for one appearing in a movie.

The producers of *Doctor Delivie* were anxious to sign Rex Harrison for the lead. Harrison wanted to be handsomely compensated for taking the risk of being typecast in light musical roles and demanded a ridiculous sum of money. The producers responded by firing Plummer down to the Caribbean and paying him for \$300,000 with the most mad clauses on both sides of the agreement. When Harrison's agents heard the news, their asking price fell a long way in a short time. Plummer was released. Harrison was angry.

Plummer made far less money for films he did make, notably *The Sound Of Music*, of which he did not have a share of receipts. Among friends he referred to as *The Sound of Music*. Generously despite his inequitable success on the stage, he never managed to become a bona fide film star.

But he kept at it, and in time the men reasons that had served him so well on the stage and as badly in his early films began to disappear. He earned his money into monotones, subdued his reactions and by the mid-Seventies had developed a distinctive film style. His very permanence as a craft he once held in contempt seemed a mark of his maturity. Directors and producers might still find him difficult (one film crew became so annoyed at his antics that it walked off the set, leaving him utterly alone) but there was no making the shift to Plummer's perspective. Something had changed.

Her name was Elaine Taylor. They met on the set of a film. *Look Up Your Daughter*. He was 37, she was 21. Her father was a servant to her mother, a Cockney chambermaid. She made the best earned check in the history of New De Film. She had an eye for useful decor. She had no heart.

In time she persuaded him to sell his palace of a home in South Kensington. She



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Plummer and their wife, Elaine: saved at last by the love of a good woman

died the chameleon. She urged him to give up hard liquor and he did. She was well-read, well-tailored, well-spoken. She was beautiful.

They took a boat to Montreal and were married in 1970, by the same priest who had married Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton.

He put his estate in France up for sale. It got his money going back to shape. He bought an old cottage house in Capbreton, 30 feet from the edge of Long Island Sound, and began a four-year project to refurbish it. He made spicy salads and light sorbets. "I'm still as energetic as I ever was," he insists. "But Elaine is a goddess. She saved my life. I'm not looking any more." He read *Wines The Poet* to her.

At 81, the blue eyes have softened into grey and there is evidence of hair loss. He has started wearing glasses. But he still walks with untamed grace, still puts his sentences together as though he were reading from *A Tale Of Two Cities*, still dreams as though he stepped out of the pages of *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. He talks with an air of going back to the stage. He talks of hav-

ing children. Some things, of course, would never change. He would always be an aspirator, riled by inconvenience, annoyed by impurity. He would smoke Scheraga-pennec cigars and prefer Pirelli P8 to Pirelli Fastie. But the deeper light of middle age afforded a better view of the handsome facade and, occasionally, of what lay beyond it. Everywhere he went, old friends and associates remarked on the change. "Now that dear wife," they would say, "she seems to have strengthened him up."

And so she had. On the day before he left Toronto, after lunch at the Park Plaza Christopher Plummer had coffee at a nearby woman's club, where his wife holds an honorary membership, and then politely excused himself from the conversation. He had spent six weeks showing a movie picture and wanted to say goodbye to the cast and crew. It seemed the proper thing to do. ☐



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The bionics revolution

Reality catches up with The Six Million Dollar Man

By Elaine Dewar

She's short, dark, decked out in shiny black pants and a shiny shifton blouse with trailing, delicate butterfly sleeves. Her fingernails, painted in a shocking pink polish, match the color of the ring on the middle finger of her left hand. She walks into the centre of the busy laboratory, then stands patiently, waiting to be noticed. Finally, a stocky man, whisking Baskins white, he walks at an electrical bench, spies her from the corner of his eye. "How are you?" he asks.

"Fine," she says, "but there's something wrong with my arm."

She drifts over to the workbench.

"Let's have a look," he says.

She pushes her left arm just above the elbow and pulls. It comes off in her right hand. She gives it to him.

The woman's artificial hand is so lifelike, so useful, that it fooled an observer less than a foot away. It's available off the shelf now from the burgeoning stocks of bionicsprotecs. One major manufacturer has sold 13,000 limbs in the past 10 years. It is almost a part of her and yet it's only plastic, sculpted in the shape of fleshy fingers, holding a metal claw hooked to a tiny motor. The motor is triggered by the amplified electrical pulses coming through the muscles in her partially amputated arm. The hand is battery powered. It is light. It has the same strength as a human hand. And it has released her from a constrained life, from silent, painful interactions into physical freedom.

Bionicsgurus call it a myoelectric hand (Myoelectric means muscle electricity). The first one was built in 1969, before the development of transistors. Before the elegant transistors of microelectronics. In the 30 years since, bionics-minded engineers, vexed in the sinking wooden of the electronics revolution, have labored in the bionic age.

No one can yet produce bionic men and women who run like the wind or whose artificial arms have the strength of 30. But slowly engineers are building hard-wired replacement parts for missing arms, eyes and ears. Even in a time when technological innovations are commonplace, when sophisticated computers undreamt of 30 years ago are strapped up at the corners of our backs, the state of the art of biological replacement is nothing short of miraculous.

In the 1930s, the bionics scene is a brand



Denise Leblond's sophisticated hand's enough control to keep an egg intact.

A piece of Canadian aviation history lost and found in a lake bottom.

Go back to 1919. A Curtiss HS-2L flying boat named "La Vigilance" with pilot Stuart Graham at the controls performs the first forestry flights in Canada. Three years later while flying the same aircraft, for Canada's pioneer air transportation company, Lawrence Air Service Limited, another pilot Don Foss is forced down by bad weather into a small unnamed Ontario lake (now Foss Lake) and crashes during a later attempt to take off. The crew survives but the remains of "La Vigilance" settle into the silt for almost a half of a century. The Curtiss HS-2L becomes obsolete. As far as anyone knows there isn't a single example of this historic bush plane left in the world.

In 1986 Kaposiassing housewife Don Campbell boated the wreck of an old biplane flying boat. He thinks it might be an HS-2L and contacts Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. Reconstructing a

one-of-a-kind airplane is nothing new at the National Aeronautical Collection, part of the National Museum of Science and Technology and funded by the National Museums of Canada. Its collection of aircraft is among the finest in the world.

The bits and pieces of wreckage turn out to be those of "La Vigilance". Together with tools and instruments they are brought to the National Aeronautical Collection Museum at Ottawa's Macdonald Airport. But, where do you find the other parts when you know there isn't another HS-2L anywhere? The call goes out for help.

The Smithsonian Institution provides precious handbooks. The United States Navy Records Office donates original 1918 engineering drawings vital to the reconstruction. Wing and tail components are found in California. It isn't until 1976 that another HS-2L wreck is found in the Knappton River near Long

Lac, Ontario. It yields the characteristic large radiator for the Liberty engine along with missing fittings, pumps and gauges.

Today the reconstruction of "La Vigilance" is well advanced and it will soon join the Lancaster bomber, the Fairchild bush planes, the Spitfire, the Sopwith Strife, the Curtiss Seagull, and other aircraft on display.

A good way to get a feeling for these magnificent flying machines and the characters of the pilots who flew them is to visit Canada's National Aeronautical Collection. In fact, a visit to any museum is a good way to relive part of our history and to keep in touch with ourselves.

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new field was the cardiac pacemaker. A small battery-powered piece of gadgetry, it has saved thousands of lives by keeping time for failing hearts, sending them a sharp jolt of electrical current every second. In the 1970s, it's the brain pacemaker, a small device lodged inside the skull that triggers pleasurable feelings in the mentally ill. In laboratories in this country, the United States and around the world, bio-medical research grinds ahead.

Bill Senter has been up to his ears in myoelectric research since 1964. His lab is a small room in the bowels of the Ontario Crippled Children's Centre in Toronto. A 16-year-old girl, with a wash of smooth skin where her arm and shoulder used to be (they were cut away in a cancer operation) sits on a new system. Senter has built for her. It has an electric hand and elbow. Both are supposed to move when she tenses two muscles in her back. While the hand opens and closes, the elbow bends like a trapped wing. It's painful.

Senter already has his hands full with the myoelectric future which is refusing to be born. He's worked for the past few

Leanne strumming a guitar with her myoelectric hands not just touch—think

years, with engineers Robert Scott and Robert Berkman from the two Engineering Faculties of the University of New Brunswick, to make a hand that senses things Senter calls it a sensory feedback hand. That means it will tell the person wearing it what it's doing. Today was to have been inauguration day. But something's gone haywire.

Senter, at 48, a small, bearded, with crinkly brown hair and sharp brown eyes. He is bending over the new hand and sweating just a little. A cigarette dangles from the corner of his mouth. Bob Berkman is puzzled.

"Bill," says Berkman, "I think we've got a problem."

"No, you've got a problem," snaps Senter, "you did the soldering."

Sitting by a workbench, waiting, is a slight, 29-year-old woman, Denise Leanne. She's been a "no-pain" and research subject here for the past five years, ever since Senter gave her her first myoelectric



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hand when she was on grade nine. She had four more sons; four, but this fourth-hand hand is the one she's been waiting for. Latouche was born with a congenital defect. Her left arm is perfectly normal until just below the elbow. But where a forearm and hand should be, there is just a small, smooth, rounded stump. Growing up was painful. "I couldn't skip rope, catch a ball and stuff like that," she explains. She found that worked made a huge difference to her. "I wasn't crying in my pillow all the time 'cause it was more accepted. The kids thought it was cool. And I thought it was just great."

But this should be even better. Latouche has a chance to be part of the few amputees in the world wearing an artificial hand with feeling. That's always been the problem with myoelectric limbs: though they are controlled by muscle movements, because they have no sensation these hands, like Dr. Strangelove's single-minded black fist, have to be watched. Carefully. "I have to be aware of it when I'm reaching something," says Denise. "I'm afraid I might crush it. If I take an ice cream cup and just hold it, the ice cream shows out."

Brittain takes this model apart to see what's going wrong. He pulls the hand out of the pink plastic casing and lays it on a workbench beside Denise. He takes the electrodes out of the socket which this amputee Denise's stump in a vacuum seal. The electrodes look like fat, gold-plated quaters. These are connected to the electronic amplifiers that pick up the muscle signal from her arm and convert the flow of energy to the artificial hand. Another electrode takes the signal from the sensory gauges and sends a zap of current to Denise's skin.

Brittain wires the electrodes around her arm with some surgical tape. She sits down at the bench and begins to flex her arm. The hand, connected to the electrodes and battery with a few wires and lying a full two feet away from her, when active. The fingers fly apart, she relaxes, opens and closes. Brittain asserts a roll of gauze between the thumb and forefinger. If the system is working, she should feel bubbles dancing across her skin.

"Who, I don't feel anything." She takes the gauze roll out of the hand. Brittain adjusts the sensitivity on the stimulator electrode. He turns it on full. "There it is," yells Denise. "it's full speed ahead."

"But you're not doing anything. We're getting to see where, but I don't know where exactly."

That evening, Bob takes the whole arm apart, looking for electronic problems. By the next morning he thinks he's solved the problem. Denise picks the arm up from the workbench where it has been plugged into a charger, and slips her short stump into the socket. But flicks switch on the side of the arm to turn the hand on. Nothing happens. She presses her own finger against the stress gauge on the artificial one and all of a sudden the hand takes on a life of its own. Haptics open. There is loud crack

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ering sound. The whole hand is vibrating, shaking itself like a buckling support. Ford Densie lets out a yelp and switches it off.

Densie takes a new glove out of the large box on the table. It's small, pale, flexible. The fingers are tiny, curled up delicately like a sleeping baby's hand. As Sauter stretches it over the hand, Densie giggles about interference problems in the past. "When I took typing in school, we all had electric typewriters and my hand would go numb."

She slips the arm back on to test it on. The bubbles fly across her skin, the hand opens and closes silently like a giant. Bob Sauter's fingers with her artificial ones

and gives them a hard squeeze. He flashes slightly. And then she walks out of the lab with her new sensory feedback hand, one of the first in the world.

Most of Sauter's patients come to him from the Workmen's Compensation Board and are men and women crippled by industrial accidents. The psychological hit they get from a hand that works is enormous, the cost manageable. The hardware costs about \$1,100. Building the socket in each amputee's specifications is time consuming and expensive, but the final cost of the whole arm is \$2,300.

There are problems. Patients must be taught to use these arms. They must be taught to consciously relax and contract



Sauter with a myoelectric hand and forearm and a harness device for those who have lost whole arms; the power inside

the muscle lying under the electrode. Not everyone can manage that. Unless the electrodes sit on the skin at exactly the right place, and stay there, the muscle signals won't be clear enough to control the hand.

And then there are the amputees who can't be helped with simple myoelectrics. If they have lost an arm high above the elbow, there are too few muscles near the skin's surface to control a hand, a powered wrist, or an elbow. The answer for them, for the future, is to borrow beneath the surface of the skin—to put the electrodes right beside the signal source: on the nerves and muscles deep inside the body.

That's why Bill Sauter and Bob Scott at the University of New Brunswick are working with customers for word about an experiment in Edmonton. They know that Dr. Richard Soren of the University of Alberta is wading a hair's breadth of putty bag off a coop. "If he can get the things he's prototyping and make it clinically viable," says Scott, "it will be a tremendous breakthrough."

Richard Scott's lab in the medical sciences building at Edmonton's University of Alberta is a multi-cultural hive. There's Dr. Andy Hoffer, born in Uruguay, educated in the United States and now living in Edmonton. "Because Spain is here." There's Dr. Tessa Gordon, come half way round the world from South Africa, "because Dek Steyn is here." Then there's the PhD from Denmark, the Canadian doctor, comes open and Scott himself. Born in Canada, New York City 37 years ago, he trained as a physicist, then did his biology and physiology in Oxford.

He backed into bioelectronics (a word he heartily disapproves of—"It doesn't mean anything") out of basic research. He was studying the myoelectric, the complex inter-



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relationship between nerves and muscles. He became interested in myoplectrics (not that that has become a source for people using them in Edmonton) and now he's ready to take the next step. Stein wants to build an artificial arm controlled not just by muscles but by nerves.

It was difficult to build small amplifiers sensitive enough to tap the tiny signals pulsing through muscles. Listening to "the silent voices" of the nervous system is a herculean undertaking. Scientists have translated nerve impulses with electrical current, made them like an command, for more than 100 years. For almost as long they have been using nerve signals in laboratory animals under deep anaesthesia.



Gordon, Holter, Stein and Charles test an artificial hand tapping 'nervous energy'

But so one, until a few years ago, was able to listen in while animals, fully awake, went past through their pains. Three years ago, Stein and his colleagues found a way to put an electrode around a nerve without causing damage. They have been recording nerve signals from cats ever since.

If one can record from a cat going through its normal range of motion, walking, kicking, jumping—and Seta can—then the same can be done with people. And provided the signal is clear enough, it can be used to control an electronic limb. Last month, Stein and his colleagues took the first step toward that goal. They have put their system in a human subject, Herbert Sankley, an Edmonton apartment building manager.

Sankley, 42, is a tall, heavy, a sports fanatic with a shock of flame red hair. His left arm was blown off during the Second World War. "I also lost my watch and ring," he laughs. "I should have picked them up but it just didn't come to me." He has a myoelectric hand ("It's a part of me," he says) but he still has a problem. He lost his arm too close to his elbow. There is no way for an external electrode to pick up signals from the muscles that once controlled his arm, so he can't use a powered wrist. He has to turn a locking joint to move his myoelectric hand into different positions.

On October 19 Dr. Lyle Dorval, head of orthopedics at Edmonton's University Hospital, spread Sankley's left arm in an operation lasting nearly five hours. He placed inside a group of platinum-iridium electrodes (long thin wires coated around a Dacron thread) covered except for the ends, by silicon plastics sheath called Silastic. The electrodes were sewn on four different muscles. Two of them, near the surface of the arm, will open and close the hand. Two more, deep inside the arm, will control wrist motion in two directions.

The early results are more encouraging than Stein had hoped. While it will take years before the full replacement can be achieved, Sankley has an artificial arm that sends feedback to the correct nerve and a hand and wrist that can be controlled by

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Eventually, Stein should be able to use nerve signals to control the hand. This would be a major breakthrough. Stein and his colleagues expect Dean Charles bubble with excitement when they look to the future. One day, nerve signals could be teleported out of the body on radio waves, instead of traveling on wires through the skin. Patients could have a plethora of prosthetic options. Researchers could build limbs with many different functions run off combinations of nerve and muscle signals. "If we're working off the nerves," says Charles, "there really isn't any point in using an electric hand to run a typewriter. You could plug right into the typewriter stuff. You could look up to computers."

But breaking through the surface of the skin is an invasion of a private inner world. And machine links direct to the nervous system carry a potential for abuse. Charles and Stein first discuss possibilities of remote control in the future. In a recent journal article they published a caution warning called "We're concerned," explains Charles, "even though the initial application is for human benefit. You can easily see that it's a powerful technique. When you tap into the peripheral or central nervous system you're essentially changing the information that the human experiences."

If feeding signals in and out of an elbow nerve generates fears for the future, what about research involving signals to the brain?

Dr. William Doherty has been working for most of the past decade to create artificial sight for the blind and artificial hearing for the deaf. Doherty, 56, head of the artificial organs program at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, makes it clear he is only one in a long line of scientists who have tried to stem the vision and hearing with a jolt of electrical current. Benjamin Franklin was one of the first. He put electrically charged wires on patients' eyes and ears.

By the 1820s, the technology was a little more sophisticated. During succeeding decades, an ardent W. Doherty of Montreal confirmed that when he stimulated an area of the brain called the visual cortex, patients reported seeing little spots of light called phosphenes. In the 1930s, a neuroscientist suggested that these phosphenes might be harnessed to stimulate vision. Few paid much attention. But in 1961, a British visual physiologist, Giles Brindley, reported on a startling experiment. He placed a group of electrodes on the visual cortex of a blind patient. The electrodes triggered an electrical current under the skull sent small trains of signals to the brain. He found that the phosphenes produced corresponded to the

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patient's visual field. Every time an electrode fired, a phosphor appeared in a specific place.

DeBelle was already working on the problem of the blind at the University of Utah but shifted his experimental emphasis to psychophysiology (DeBelle's own term). For the first year he worked with animals. He and his colleagues were looking for the right form of electrical stimulation, so that they wouldn't damage brain cells and searching for implant materials that would neither be rejected nor chewed up inside the body.

In 1976 they began working with sighted patients undergoing a very special form of brain surgery that exposed the visual cortex. DeBelle organized seminars with 10 different medical centers across the continent. DeBelle and his associates would go on a plane and jet to operating rooms 1,000 miles away on 12-hour trips. By 1973, they had built a temporary implant.

DeBelle found that a blind patient, a man who had lost his sight in an explosion in Vietnam, could recognize squares, triangles, and other simple shapes when electrodes were fired in the proper pattern. The experiments with permanent im-

plants two years later yielded even better results. Patients were able to recognize basic words spelled out in glowing phosphors, faster than they can read them with their fingers.

DeBelle has a long list of questions to answer before he goes on to the final implant, which will give him the ability to identify more complex shapes on his patients. But he does have a rough blueprint for the artificial eye of the distant future. He will seal a microcircuit under a glass eye. The camera will pass with the movement of the eye muscles and read different light levels to a computer inside the frame of a pair of glasses. The computer will simplify the light signals and transform them to signals that can be sent to permanent electrodes inside the brain. The hardware cost, according to DeBelle's engineers, would be \$3,000.

Work with the problems of the deaf has proceeded along similar lines. Just as the visual cortex sorts out the electrical signals coming from the eye to the brain, so the auditory cortex sorts signals from the ear.

A blind man "sees" in a University of Utah lab; the next step, one already being taken, is to stimulate the lab.



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into patterns of sound. If you stimulate the auditory cortex, patients experience bursts of sound called endures. But the auditory cortex is difficult to reach. So Doherty and his colleagues at the Ear Research Institute in Los Angeles have recently told us something simple. They are stimulating the inner ear with implanted electrodes. Deaf patients who have richly healthy auditory nerves can distinguish between different pitches when a small current is run through the electrodes. Patients whose auditory cortex have been totally destroyed will have to wait a long time for an auditory cortex implant.

Last June a test report popped up in the back pages of a Toronto newspaper. Few details were given, but it appeared that a neurophysiologist, Dr. Robert Heath of Tulane University medical school had developed something called a brain pacemaker. The pacemaker had wondrous effects on the mentally ill. Heath explains that the pacemaker is "the first device of its type used specifically for behavior disorders." The design is fairly simple. Electrodes are placed over the cerebellum and attached to a receiver placed over the chest. An antenna, taped on the skin above the receiver is attached to a small ear battery pack carried in the patient's pocket. When the stimulator is on, electrical signals flow through the electrodes into the cerebellum.

These signals activate the brain's "pleasure circuits." While these pleasure cells are firing, the brain cells associated with "adverse emotion" (freaking like rage, fear, anger) are inhibited. The patients wearing the pacemaker find less anger, less "negative" emotions, less emotional happiness, euphoria.

The hardware costs about \$2,000. Last year Heath reported it on 11 patients, psychotic and somatic patients. All 11 were considered "intractable" and were in hospital. One had spent 20 years on locked wards in Louisiana institutions. Most of them have now left the hospital and are able to work or at least live at home. One patient did not respond.

Since June, Heath has put pacemakers on 11 more patients, most of whom are doing well. He does not use it on patients who respond to other methods of treatment, tranquilizers or other psychotropic drugs. The technique is too new. But he does feel that in the long run it could become a preferred method of treatment. Drugs have side effects and they don't always work. The pacemaker so far has no side effects.

It's hard to quibble with those results. It's hard to know a device that returns "intractable" to a nearly normal life. While Heath likes to point out that the system is controlled by the patient who can turn it on or off at will, he also admits that the pacemaker opens drugless avenues. But no one, he says, has realized him for opening up Pandora's box. ☺

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A scandal revisited

CANDU Canada didn't look evil. Just dumb

By Ian Urquhart



It was Christmas, 1974. Three men gathered in the offices of the president of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd. to have their pictures taken. The atmosphere was deep and crisp and even and the three men were smiling. Lorne Gray (right), the president of AECL, was smiling because he had sold a Canadian nuclear reactor to the Korean Electric Company. Min Cheong Shik, head of KEPCO, was smiling because he had bought it. And in the background, Shaul Eisenberg, a mysterious Israeli businessman was smiling, possibly in contemplation of his

enormous finder's fee. It would be two years before the smiles disappeared and Canadians, who didn't know a reactor from a refrigerator, would be confronted with one of the biggest scandals in the country's history.

The scandal broke when the auditor-general, parliament's watchdog of government spending, reported that AECL, the government's nuclear agency, had been paying out millions of dollars in "agents' fees" to secure the overseas sales of its reactors. Eisenberg was one of the agents. In understated accountant's jargon, the

auditor-general, James J. Macdonell, reported that the documentation supporting these payments was "inadequate." Reading between the lines, the implication was clear: the money was used to bribe foreign officials to press the sale. Suddenly, Canada led its very own Lockheed scandal. That was one year ago. But the scandal was never really granted its ultimate conclusion. At first it was front-page news, a parliamentary committee began an investigation and the reactor was called in line, after the central burst of activity the enthusiasm of the press soon faded. The parliamentary committee botched its investigation and another was helped by the collective steadfast bulk by the key actors in the affair. The government, for its part, seemed content to rely on the reactor. And the reactor encountered problems because much of the information lies outside the country. The foreign governments involved seemed more interested in pursuing the scandal than exposing it. That much of the AECL affair remains a mystery. But it is possible to piece together most of the story from the public record and confidential interviews. The picture that emerges is not so much one of ugly Canadians corrupting the Third World as of clever Canadians being taken in by high-flying brokers.

The story begins on March 21, 1966, when AECL announced it was taking over responsibility for overseas sales of the CANDU reactor from Canadian General Electric (C.G.E.). CANDU (an acronym for Canada deuterium uranium) was widely acknowledged within Canada as a superbly designed reactor, one of the country's few notable technological achievements. The government was anxious to build it abroad both to justify the public investment in its development and to showcase to the world that Canada could make things as well as dig them out of the ground.

But C.G.E. had not been successful in marketing CANDU internationally. For one thing, it was running into competition with its parent firm in the United States, which was trying to sell its own, American-designed reactor, AECL, the Crows corporation, that had developed CANDU in Rich River, Ontario, laboratories in the 1950s, took over responsibility for selling it.

AECL was ill-equipped for the task. It was primarily a research agency staffed by scientists and engineers. Its competitors, chiefly Westinghouse and General Electric in the United States, had huge sales staffs and years of experience in marketing reactors. But AECL did have J. Lorne Gray, its president, who was immensely proud of CANDU and eager for international recognition for the reactor. Perhaps too eager.

Like in 1966, some after AECL had assumed its new responsibilities, James Shaul Eisenberg visited Gray's Ottawa office, pressed CANDU and made his cold sell to South Korea. Gray was flattered but skeptical. How could this fast-talking

pranager pull off a sale to South Korea, especially after Westinghouse had just sold a U.S. style reactor there? Gray told Eisenberg to go ahead and try. A meeting was arranged in 1969 between AECL and Korean officials. It was subsequently cancelled by the Koreans at the behest of Westinghouse and the U.S. government. Gray suspects.

A series of similar disappointments followed as AECL attempted without success to peddle CANDU to Mexico, Brazil, Australia and Romania. As the failures mounted, AECL began to come under increasing pressure at home. Gray, step one in-suffer, became "desperate" to sell a reactor abroad if only to prove that CANDU was worthwhile.

The opportunity came in 1971. Argentina was once again shopping for a reactor and "we were a little gun-shy and hesitant," recalls Gray. But AECL had a partner from an earlier Italian venture, Baluganti, a Genoa engineering firm with good connections in Argentina. AECL and Baluganti decided to bid for the Argentinian contract together, with Baluganti handling the marketing end of the deal and AECL the technical aspects. There was one catch, reported by James Shaul Eisenberg, Argentina's outgoing president, no agent would be retained. AECL would be required to pay half his fee—with no questions asked. Gray agreed and the bid went ahead.

In 1973, after beating back stiff competition from Westinghouse, AECL and Baluganti were awarded the Argentinian



Macdonell: would he, they pleaded, not report the questionable payments? He

contract. (The terms were ridiculously favorable to Argentina, including a \$150-million loan supplied by the Canadian government at subsidized interest rates. Two years later, it became apparent that AECL stood to lose \$700 million on the deal.) AECL pleaded with the Argentinians to renegotiate the contract and they agreed, but only after the Canadians provided another \$25 million loan at subsidized rates. Now AECL stands to lose only \$130 million on the deal.)

By this time, the South Korean deal had



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warned up and Eisenberg happened to Gray's office some time in 1972. Eisenberg was already anxious for ASEC's business, offering free television slots to the Cigna company's marketing officials (they refused) and criss-crossed of oranges from his Israeli groves to Gray (he accepted). In November, 1972, Gray hired Eisenberg as ASEC's "exclusive agent" in South Korea. Eisenberg was given carte blanche with no terms of reference. Even his fee was left up to the air as Eisenberg preferred to settle each glibby detail later. Within two years ASEC had sold a reactor to South Korea. (Again, a government-authorized loan was required, this time for \$320 million. It is not yet known whether ASEC will make money on the deal.)

With the whirl of success still in the air, the bids started to come in. First, in January, 1974, Sweden wanted Gray acting for \$15 million as U.S. currency as ASEC's halfshare of the so-called "Agan's" fee. The money was to be deposited in a Swiss bank in Lugano in the account of someone called the International General Trading Establishment of Schmitz, Liechtenstein. This was a dummy corporation owned by the bank. Gray balked at first, then paid the money in April, 1974, with no question asked.

In December, 1974, with the Korean deal completed, Eisenberg told Gray it was time to choose his bid. He wanted \$40 million. Gray was stunned. He managed to talk Eisenberg down to \$20 million. Gray signed the papers agreeing to the payment on December 30, 1974, the day before he retired.

Eisenberg's bid for \$20 million arrived in January, 1975, on the desk of John Foster, Gray's handpicked successor as president of ASEC. Foster knew the bid was coming but he had second thoughts about paying it after it actually arrived. The summer before the Lockheed scandal had broken in Washington.

In August, 1975, Lockheed Armaments Corp. had revealed, under pressure from a U.S. Senate committee, that it had paid out \$22 million in bribes merely disguised as a price's "fee" to secure overseas sales of its planes.

After writing on the bill for a few weeks, Foster reported it to his newly appointed chairman, Ross Campbell, who had been brought home from his ambassador's post in Tokyo to try to straighten out the Argentinian mess (the potential \$200-million loan) left behind by Gray. Campbell went straight to Alexander Gelfinger, the manager responsible for ASEC. It was decided that Campbell should go to Israel to try to get Eisenberg to agree to a lower sum and to account for his expenses. Campbell went to Israel March 2-5, 1978, and bargained Eisenberg down to say \$18.4 million. But at the cost of agreeing to keep him in agency as an agent on any subsequent reactor sales to South Korea. He also obtained from Eisenberg an accounting of his expenses. But the accounting was actually no more

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than after-the-fact invoices from three companies associated with United Development Inc., Fosterberg's firm.

It was those invoices that caught the eye of the auditors general's staff when it began looking over SICCI's books as part of a routine annual inspection in May 1976. Had the sum of \$20 million simply been paid and noted in SICCI's books as a contribution on the Korean side, "I do not think I could have challenged it," said Macdonell months later. But the suspicious auditors and the auditors general's staff decided to reopen the books on the Argentine side as well to see if there had been any similar payments avoided. It turned up the \$2.5-million payment to a Swiss bank. When Macdonell told Campbell and Foster they would have to produce more satisfactory documentation to support these payments, SICCI went into a panic.

Campbell and Foster tried frantically to get more information from Eisenberg and Secoin, to no avail. Eisenberg offered to let Macdonell inspect his books, but the offer was conditional on the auditors general keeping his findings secret. It was a condition that Macdonell, as a servant of parliament, obviously could not accept.

In an effort to persuade Secoin to talk, Campbell and Foster drafted Lorne Gray back from retirement to consult with his old business partner. Gray, Campbell and Foster talked to Secoin over a three-hour long



dinner at Montreal's Chateau Champlain Hotel. Secoin was charming, in usual but infelicitous to state the extent of the Argentinian deal.

As a last resort, Campbell tried to persuade Macdonell to drop questionable payments from his report to parliament. The problem could, Campbell suggested, run SICCI. Macdonell replied that it was his duty to parliament to report what he had learned, which he did on November 22, 1976. As Campbell had feared, the disclosure of the questionable payments which occupied just 24 pages in Macdonell's 630-page report, aroused the attention of reporters and politicians alike.

But the story soon dropped from sight. First, reporters ran into a stone wall in their efforts to interview the principal characters. Eisenberg and Secoin simply refused to be interviewed. The parliamentary committee, with the Liberals and Conservatives bickering over how best to handle the investigation, dragged its feet.

Committee chairman Allan Lawrence, the former attorney general of Ontario, tried hard to pursue the investigation on his own, but with little success.

Because of the stone wall, several key questions remain unanswered in the SICCI affair.

• Who got the \$2.5 million sent to the Swiss bank as part of the Argentine deal? Only Secoin and the suspect know for sure. Gray insists he doesn't know, and, if he doesn't, no one in Canada does. It has been disclosed that the \$2.5 million was quickly

Campbell (left) and Foster (right) are prepared to be hurt



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transferred from the bank in Lugano to an account under the name "Opera" at another bank in Geneva. But Swiss authorities have revealed efforts to reveal the identity of "Opera." Italempati also deposited \$4.5 million in the same account in two different payments. Another million was deposited in a Luxembourg bank account by Italempati in six different payments in January 1975 to complete his half-share of the "Opera's" lot.

• **Assuming that the present was not only a bribe for an Argentinean official, who was paid off?** The Argentinean press, presumably on the basis of leaks from the military government in the country, has pointed the finger at José María Gelfond, the former minister of economics in the Peronist regime, murdered in a coup in 1976. Gelfond died in exile in Washington in October this year. Before his death, he denied he was the recipient of the alleged bribe. He was a business partner of Sison's in a previous deal in Argentina. But Gelfond only became a minister after the deal had been made to purchase the CANDU reactor. There is also a possibility the money went to someone at Italempati or even to a Canadian as part of an under-the-table scheme. This possibility prompted the Canadian government to call in the money in the first place. But the Swiss banks deny the receipt was either a Canadian or connected with Italempati.

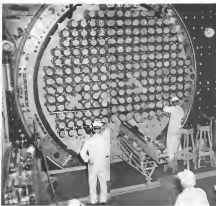
• **What happened to the money paid to Italempati?**

• **Why did the money go to the bank in Lugano?** Swiss officials keep insisting there is no proof that any of the money was passed on to Keren in the form of bribes. That is true enough, but it is a one-sided approach that strains credulity in South Korea, where President Park Chung Hee is said to rule with an iron hand and shrewdly. And a natural target for a bribe would have been Min Chong Shik, the former president of the Korean Electric Company. Min is said to be a friend of Eisenberg.

• **Was Gray afraid?** There are suggestions that Gray paid far more than he had to in order to grease the sales of CANDU. In Argentina there was already considerable resistance to CANDU because it was natural uranium as a fuel, unlike the U.S.-style reactors which use "enriched" uranium. There has also been speculation that military leaders in Argentina wanted CANDU because a production-line plutonium is a by-product that American reactors produce in order to make atomic bombs, coveted by some generals in Argentina, which is caught up in a deadly arms race with Brazil.

• **Was Gray acting on his own?** The former AECI chief insisted before the Public Accounts Committee that he kept both cables secret and AECI's board of directors fully informed.

Part of a CANDU reactor at Douglas Point in Ontario. If it's as good as they say, why is there so much trouble selling it?



pass a complete overhaul to upgrade its financial control mechanisms. It also has a new board of directors and is to have a new president to replace John Foster, who was fired last summer. The company will also come under much tighter control by cabinet in the future.

But still up in the air is the much more difficult question of whether Canada should be exporting nuclear reactors at all after a continuing saga of sales to Italy, Romania, Japan and Mexico and would like to sell again to Argentina and South Korea as well. The talks have been temporarily stalled while the government attempts to obtain better guarantees from

potential customers that the reactors will not be used to make bombs. But that may not be an insurmountable obstacle, especially if the governments and AECI remain as open-minded as the contractors are today. "This is an important matter for Canadians," says Campbell. "not just for the CANDU system itself but for the image it carries of our national capabilities in high technology areas."

But Canadians might well ask if we have to lose people money at subsidized interest rates to buy CANDU at a price below cost and then break them (and it) how good is the accomplishment? ☐



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formed his arrangements with agents and acted with their approval. But Donald Macdonald, the minister responsible for AECI, thought most of the period says Gray never told a cabinet committee "in person" that agents would have to be hired. And George Gahner, former chairman of Ontario Hydro and a senior member of the AECI board from 1966 to the end of 1970, says he cannot recall ever hearing Gray mention Eisenberg's name or agent fees amounting to millions of dollars. The board's minutes show that Eisenberg's name was mentioned—for the first time—at a meeting in February, 1973. But that was several months after Gray wrote to Eisenberg saying "I have reconsidered my position and they have agreed to your appointment as the exclusive agent of AECI." Gray wrote the Eisenberg appointment was "unofficially discussed" by the board before he wrote that letter and it was only left out of the board's minutes due to a disagreement. But G. M. Sison, former head of British Columbia Hydro and an AECI board member until the end of 1972 is not so sure. "I think the funniest thing for me to say is that Mr. Gray gave us a great deal of information but he didn't ask us for much advice," recalls Sison.

These questions may never be officially answered. Looked at the way in Swiss bank accounts and the made of uncooperative or downright hostile witnesses. But the AECI after has already had a profound impact on Canada. AECI itself is under-

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The Divine Miss N.

If you don't know who Kate Nelligan is, you should

By Robert Miller

In the recent and much-praised cine-tele-drama *Beulah*, the Canadian actress who found herself in China underused as being "retired" abroad "yet virtually unknown in her own country" and recently as an actress. "The Kate is perfect for Ner-man Beulah and just about right for Kate Nelligan, the young Canadian actress who returned briefly from England to play the good daughter's wife opposite Hollywood veteran Donald Sutherland. Nelligan was superb as Frances Beulah. In many of the scenes they shared, she completely dominated Sutherland, whose performance as an actor/characterist was superb. Many people in Canada (including not a few critics) were surprised by the grace and power of Nelligan's performance, but she is a seasoned professional with surprising talent. As *Beulah*, producer Robert Sherrin puts it: "She is coming up very, very fast."

Eight years ago, Kate Nelligan swapped Ontario's London for the real one across the Atlantic. Now, at 27, she is in demand in England, at least adored by that country's elite—whisper always—demanding she sit on the *Times* of London, for example, says bluntly "Kate Nelligan is the leading actress of her generation." The *diver* Telegraph calls her "heavenly." Leading British playwrights are waiting for her to create roles made stardom, waiting for her. Even Hollywood, taking care of her movie appearances with Columbia Pictures and her role in *The American Englishwoman* and in *The Court of Mice* (now in production, if not yet released).

But Nelligan, a slender brunette with wide hazel eyes, devastating smile and an appropriately putative name (she was christened Patricia Catherine, grew up as Trish and changed her name to Kate one day while riding on the London Underground), is virtually unknown in her own country, despite Canada's traditional flu-

mination with those sons and daughters who have achieved celebrity abroad. *Beulah*, which was made a year ago, remains her only major Canadian assignment.

From time to time, she complains about the indifference of the Canadian public and, worse, Canadian producers—and

an application for the cine's drama department, she listed "British, French, Yugoslav" as dialects in which she was proficient. She has certainly handled her Canadian twang. "I worked hard on losing that accent," she once told an interviewer. "I absolutely got myself out from my background."

Indeed, she has. Nelligan managed to spend 24 days in Toronto last year without getting in touch with anyone from the dramatic arts program at York University's Glendon College, where she got her real start as an actress. Says assistant dean Charles Norberto, a traffic warden:

"We all keep tabs on her career... But when Trish came to Toronto doing *Beulah*, she made no effort to contact any of her friends here. I don't quite understand it." Norberto played Rosamunde in a college production of *Murder in which Nelligan played Gertrude*. "The only thing that kept my father awake," Norberto recalls with a shudder, "was the way Trish bulged out of the top of her dress. She had an enormous bosom for a 17-year-old. In fact, you could say she was chubby." No more. Today Nelligan carries only 106 pounds on a five-foot-six frame.

In fairness to Nelligan, as far as growing old friendships is concerned, she is a star now in weekly busy and has long since outgrown college friends. Besides, it was both ways. Says Leonard Maltby, now the co-owner of a Toronto bookstore specializing in theatrical publications and a long-time friend of Nelligan's: "I saw her in London, in the National Theatre's production of *Tales From The Vienna Woods* and I was so overwhelmed I couldn't bring myself to speak to her."

Nelligan's complaints about Canadian producers ("They don't know I exist," she said recently) "They should start reading their constitutional newspapers" generate conversation in the relatively small Cana-

Nelligan as Frances Beulah: no longer specializing in ditche, manches, where res



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don show her set. Says Toronto film maker
Bill Marshall: "That's nonsense! No one
can get her! Add the crew's stories: 'I'd
love to do something else with Kate. She's
absolutely marvelous! But the trouble is
she has herself up for such long periods.'"
Yes. For the rest of this year she's at *Star-
ford on Avenue* with the Royal Shakespeare
Company, playing a lovely, guileless Ro-
sabella in *As You Like It*. From there, she
moves directly back to the National
Theatre in London where, until Septem-
ber, she'll do three plays—*As You Like It*,
Twelfth Night and *Piney*, which has been writ-
ten expressly for her by David Hare, an
author of *Knockout* the play in which Nettie got
her first look London's West End by name (she
was voted most promising newcomer by
the critics in 1984). After that, perhaps, a
Hollywood move. Her father, Patrick,
who works for the London Out, recreation
department and who is flattered by his
daughter's success, says: "I really hope she
can get a big movie under her belt and
make some money. She's working awfully
hard for not very much pay."

At this point, I may as well declare my-
self. I am infatuated with Kate Nettles and dis-
appointed. Infatuated because she's quite un-
reasonably refused to be interviewed in

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Nettles in portrait: the heart of London



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England to New York," she explains because she is unaccountably talented and the talent she always worth meeting. I'm sure I would have loved her. Certainly I was enchanted by her. Rosalind (the night I was in the house she deserved and received a standing ovation) and I was stunned by her stage smile. Of course everyone has the right not to meet the press, even if few in the publicity conscious entertainment world seem to exercise it.

All of this raises two questions: 1) Is Kari Nelligan going to be about her wish to be better known in Canada and 2) Should we care if she is? The answers are: 1) seemingly and 2) definitely. We should care because in her first drama coach, Michael Gregory of York University, says, "She is one of the most talented people ever to come out of Canada. I could tell from the very beginning when she came to Glendon that acting was a life option for her." He sees he understands the lure of England for an actress of Nelligan's ambition and ability. "There's an earthy theatre in Britain, and you have demanding directors, demanding audiences." As for her working in Canada, Gregory says, "She'll come back when she's good and ready. She's not going to come back just because somebody plays O Canada. Still, it would be nice if she played in our Stratford."

Ironically, while Nelligan was getting set to play Rosalind at England's Stratford, English soprano Maggie Smith had the

Nelligan and Weir meet in 'William' at the world's finest in Canada, New York?

role in Canada. Even more ironically, the part of Orlando Rosalind's lover, who played at Stratford, Ont., by Jack Weir, is a contemporary of Nelligan at Glendon and the second most distinguished performer to come out of that school's relatively tiny (60 students this year) dramatic arts program. Says Weir, "I wish I had won a Gubelin Award this year for his work at the Stratford Festival. 'Tooth has reached the point where the can more or less play the roles she wants. That's tremendous for any actor.'"

How did Kari Nelligan get from Ontario's London school, in a girl who was a junior varsity player (she lost in the Canadian junior finals and quit the game because the competition was too fierce), to the other one where, in the most part, it, drama students "would slit their grandmothers' throats for a part?" The answer would appear to be the fact that, as almost everyone who has ever known her agrees, Kari Nelligan is a young woman of extraordinary tough-mindedness. Again and again, people say of her, "She's a very determined lady." Says her father, "As I supposed by her success. Well, yes and no. Even as a child she was very determined to succeed at whatever she tried. Someone gave her a tennis racket and the next thing you know she was practicing eight hours a day."

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The days of the dove

It was a solemn, momentous occasion—a covenant, said States Press, Israeli Labor Party spokesman, “for which Israel had been waiting 30 years.” The symbolism was breathtaking. As the world looked on and listened to the Biblical phrases in which Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and his Israeli host Menachem Begin proclaimed their wish for peace to a hushed Knesset, it seemed as if the psychological breakthrough which Sadat had said he sought lived in unpremeditated peace might really be just round the corner.

But as Begin, Sadat and their entourage made their way out of the packed Israeli parliament through a milling crowd of wire photographers, were already noting that while the Egyptian leader had been specific in stating what he expected from his hosts in the way of concessions—as an end to the occupation of Arab lands, recognition of Palestinian rights and the right of all peoples (including Israel) to live in peace—Begin, while noting in the emotional mood of the occasion, had been far more reserved. His only specific pledge was that “everything is negotiable,” along with a rather vague promise to open Israeli borders to Egyptians so that they could, as it were, follow their leader and see for themselves that the Israeli people wanted peace.

The feeling at the State Department in Washington after the speeches, *Morahan's* William Low has reported, was that Sadat had chosen exactly the right stance. The United States had feared that Sadat might rather be too soft, coming away humiliated and his fellow Arab leaders to rooms of action which he could not justify or too wary of promising—running the chance of negotiations.

In any event, it was felt Sadat's speech was near perfect, and it was particularly significant that in no time had he mentioned the Palestine Liberation Organization. In addition, Sadat's action entirely, in laying a wreath at the Yad Vashem monument to the six million Jews killed during the Second World War (he had been given the option whether to do so or not), was regarded as particularly important in the context of the negotiations of Israel.

There was rather less satisfaction with the speeches of Begin and Pines. But Washington recognized that they might have been unable to say more in public.

That left the real talking to be done in the working sessions that followed the Knesset speechmaking. It also meant a cliffhanger, until very late in the Egyptian leader's visit, over the key question of Pa-

lestinian representation at the hoped-for talks later in Geneva. The fear was that if Sadat were home empty-handed he would be faulted as leader and the peace situation would deteriorate rapidly. But officials in Washington were noting their hopes on the fact that both Sadat and Begin were well aware of this and that therefore the talks would somehow succeed.

Nevertheless, President Jimmy Carter, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski went into a continuous meeting, with an open line to Jerusalem to help keep the talks on track.

The American team went well-founded was evident from the bemused reactions to the announcement of Sadat's visit from most of his fellow Arab leaders and his own imperialist teeth in Cairo. Leif's Mawarad Gaddafi, with whom Sadat fought a short border skirmish last summer, predictably broke off relations. Syria's President Hafez Assad, whom Sadat visited immediately before his journey to Jerusalem, described it as “very dangerous” to the Arab cause, and the PLO's Yasser Arafat spoke of his “deep anxiety that someone has thought to shake hands with the treacherous Zionist enemy,” and perhaps most important of all, the Saudi Arab government, which bankrupted Sadat, made it clear that it disapproved. Any deal with Israel, a statement said, should result from a unified Arab stand.

That roughly was how things stood after Sadat's Knesset speech. It was clear that if this was to be any softening in his allies'



concerns issues it depended on the concessions, if any, he could bring in the previous talks.

Such matters, however, did not affect the words of the Israeli welcome and anyone who watched the scene as President Sadat arrived at Tel Aviv's Ben-Gurion International Airport could have been forgiven for forgetting that Egypt and Israel are still technically at war. Egyptian flag-bearers from heavily armed poles and Israeli border police carried the Arab emblem as Sadat greeted Begin. “Thank you,” he said simply. Replied the Israeli leader: “It's wonderful to have you, thank you for coming.”

It was a difficult moment for both Israel and Arab, brought up on an unexpected detour of propaganda. In a wallow “Look, he smiles,” said a young man in Cairo as he watched Sadat on his television. “Sadat smiled.” (Peaceful Sadat) showed a peasant vendor outside a soccer game in Jerusalem in a hastily improvised version of the traditional Jewish Sabbath greeting “Shalom shalom” (Peaceful Sabbath).

It was a light-hearted moment in a city suddenly captive over the prospect, however distant of peace. Jerusalem has been “taken over” bloodlessly by the Egyptians,” said Mayor Teddy Kollek after the large Egyptian advance guard of security men and reporters had arrived. That was something of an exaggeration but there was a large, visible Egyptian “presence”—a man sporting Egyptian flags on their radio antennae and peddlars and hoodlums out to make a fast buck by selling T-shirts bearing pictures of Sadat and Begin and captioned “All you need is love.”

That behind the curtain of the terrier welcome and Sadat's pilgrimages the fol-

Sadat speaking to the Knesset (bottom left), holding an Arab talkie with Begin and Moshe Dayan (below) and listening to Begin responding to his Knesset speech (left) and of the 30 Years War

lowing day to the Al Aksa mosque (a sacred Arab shrine), the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and Yad Vashem, his hand-picked mission. No fewer than 10,000 Israeli troops, police and security guards took part in Operation Sh'ar (gate) to prevent any attempt by terrorists to assassinate the Egyptian leader. The King David Hotel, where Sadat and his entourage stayed, was cleared of other guests and security teams from both countries (Sadat had a party of 40 men of his own) took up their operations headquarters on the sixth floor. Flares and helicopters ordered Begin's support but before and after Sadat's arrival and everywhere he went the roads were lined by troops and police, while other security forces posted themselves on high ground overlooking his route or his stopovers. Tight security was also forced on Israeli bondsmen with Lebanese and Syrian in previous incursions, and the Al-Azhar bridge to Jordan was closed.

It was a vast operation and yet another tribute to the Israeli ability to dispense. For the fact was that until Sadat made his historic announcement—“I am ready to go to peace”—the Knesset—in Cairo on November 9, a mere 10 days before his appearance in Israel, there had been no co-ordinated planning for a visit. The Israelis had been making discreet efforts to talk on neutral ground (Buchanan, for instance, was one man suggested), but Sadat's offer caught them completely off guard. Once it was made, however, events moved swiftly and the chronology went something like this:

- November 11: Begin issues his historic invitation
- November 16: Formal invitation extended in an exchange of letters, followed by its envoys in Tel Aviv and Cairo
- November 17: Joint announcement that visit would be in two days time
- November 18: Egyptian and Israeli foreign ministers and security personnel to prepare for visit
- November 20: Sadat arrives

The speed was breathtaking, but so was the fact that, in the same time, Sadat was telling a longstanding Israeli lie. For decades, Israeli leaders have promised that peace would be around the corner if only an Arab leader would sit down and talk. Now Sadat was coming and, with the world watching in their hands, Israel would have to come up with some answers. As Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan acknowledged, the country could not come at half price with learning to what Sadat had to say in the Knesset.

Nevertheless, in the unprecedentedly apologetic for Sadat (there is normally no clapping at the Knesset) nevertheless in the chamber there were many people around the world would find their hearts shaken a covenant made the same day by Pope John in a crowd in St. Peter's Square. “The event is great, the hope greater.”

DAVID NORTH
with correspondents reports

AUSTRALIA

The grudge match

It was in November, 1955 that the Queen's representative in Australia, Governor General Sir John Kerr, decided to exercise his royal prerogative—and dismissed the country's Labor Prime Minister, Gough Whitlam. In doing so he left a political poster that, at national elections a few weeks later an outraged Whitlam—"God Save the Queen, for nothing will save the Governor General"—found himself adulated by the voters too, and Kerr's choice as caretaker premier, Malcolm Fraser, leader of the conservative Liberal-National Country Party coalition, swept back to power.

Two years later, in Australia prepared to poll again on December 10, the powder mill was set afire once more. For the first time of his defeat he begged Whitlam's reconciliation with his now-hated former buddy Kerr as voters judge whom Whitlam himself chose for the government—pragmatists have not recovered. When Prince Charles visited the country recently, Whitlam invited to let Kerr introduce him, and the suggestion that they were pals, of "their" government has added an extra edge to the traditionally robust methods of Australia's trade union.

Fraser's decision to call an election a year before his mandate runs out, has given Whitlam and his supporters a second

living. Given slightly but still increasing at around 10% a year, or unemployment (up to 170,000, 6% at October).

Ironically, a Fraser victory would owe a great deal more to Whitlam's aggressive supporters. The unions have been looking up a dirt story about everything from conditions in the electrical power industry to Fraser's decision to expand the country's uranium production—the Australian Council of Trade Unions is so sure next month what they to his union's experts.

If Fraser wins this second round it could be a knockout blow for Whitlam, whose position as Labor leader has been slowly recovering, and that would effectively end the six-year-old political feud. For its instigator, Sir John Kerr, will be gone anyway. He hands over his office two days before polling day.

DAVID SMITH

AFRICA

King of the jungle

The country is listed among the world's 25 poorest nations. Western diplomats in Accra, the capital, say he had to get an emergency loan from a European bank to pay the October salaries of his police and civil servants. Yet on December 6, Jean-Bedel Bokassa, former French army sergeant, will become Bokassa the First, Emperor of the Central African Republic, a consequence of sweeping away these days of savagery and coming over \$10 million.

Bokassa, reported to be a confident man even by African standards, will not be crowned by Pope Paul, as had hoped. So he will place the crown upon his own head before attending a simple service conducted by the Vatican's archbishop, Monseigneur Dominique Erreca, who represented the Holy See at the accession of King Baudouin of Belgium. Bokassa's previous, in fact, will be something of a triumph. There will be few other pieces of news. President Carter, Britain's Queen Elizabeth, France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—all have been invited, but have yet to accept.

It is widely even that Bokassa's son, Georges—recently appeared defense minister but now apparently back with his wife and three children in their glass Persian home—will return for his father's coronation. He told *Le Monde* "I don't know" will be there. "I've a lot of business to see to in Paris." Asked if he had had the country, Georges said he "felt free", but the move was taken after some protests with my father."

It is unlikely that these problems were as serious as those which have troubled some who have lived the emperor's allegedly able temper. For though Bokassa is said to have a Napoleon complex, some of his actions seem to overtake his cousin, David Dacko, in a New Year's message. He said: "I have seen like those of Uganda's Idi Amin."

Before declaring himself emperor last year, he gleefully nicknamed people



A resplendent Bokassa, a man subdued Georges (left) the man who will be king

he considered personally dangerous—several opponents of the regime are in exile—one of them, author and diplomat in Marseilles, Bonheur, in Ca. Then there have been two episodes: exemplary public beating of a person from a Bangui jail as a warning a thief. In the presence of Bokassa as full cabinet, police agreed with chief of police he had to get a 100,000 franc loan from the French government to pay the salaries of his civil servants.

But Bokassa has been on his best behavior and in a recent TV interview he was asked if he had beaten up anyone and said "these things can be explained to the public in the press. I've stopped. I won't happen again."

But Bokassa has made his own use of expediency: the men around him. His security forces have included a detachment of his overbearing, racist government. A confidential source told *Le Monde* by a top diplomat in Paris mentioned some of his plans and assassination attempts. His coup is said to be such that the main charge of security recently before Western officials that all plans to the emperor, but heads of state would be body searched on arrival at Bangui airport.

None of this however is going to stop Bokassa, his three wives, their 50 legitimate children and more than 1,000 guests from celebrating the coronation in style. The crown itself is the most expensive item, studded with rubies, emeralds and 5,000 diamonds from the emperor's own mines. Then there's the throne, in the form of a eagle. The throne, the coach in which Bokassa will ride, and much of the decor for the outdoor stadium to which the coronation will take place have been produced by French sculptor Olivier Basso and a

THE U.S.

A not-so-happy warrior

Although President Jimmy Carter's team at the end of the week, Wednesday, January 10, for the oil-rich Gulf of Iran had under control—after gas cloud blown by an oil wind—all has become a very strange subject around the White House. While the oil producers under OPEC (the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries) are making the United States "available" there for energy more and more expensive, the lack of progress registered by Carter's energy (although bill in the Senate has brought new law) is a fact that seldom now waits the steady glow which was an trademark.

In fact the contention between the Shah's visit and Carter's domestic problem has not even been because OPEC members might have to meet in Caracas, Venezuela, on December 20 to fix oil prices for 1978—and Carter was eager to brook his guest's visit in favor of modern oil. Washington would naturally prefer to increase oil all that much more, but it may not be as surprising to Carter's plan in the Shah, who agreed to campaign for a better and the price of oil may very well rise—by 5% to 8%, according to most guesses. This would add another \$2.5 billion or more to the \$25 billion the United States is already paying for imported oil.

That sort of statistic spells trouble for Carter and the strain shows in the fact that he cannot afford to fly away from it all. (The State Department announced earlier this month that Carter would go under the Shah, much postponed, 23,000-mile journey—due to start November 22—that would have taken him to nine countries in four continents in 11 days.) But he has become the first U.S. President ever to cancel a foreign trip because of what might happen during his absence.

There is no question, of course, of a coup d'état that Carter is reluctant to turn his back and just on his "Royal opposition" but also at his own Democratic Party for fear of what they will do in his absence. But he is not just taking his cue from Congress. He started by underestimating



Garner: why isn't this man laughing?

its power and he still hasn't learned how to deal. This is heading his efforts to deal with several major issues—the Panama Canal treaty and oil and welfare reform. But the worst country is his comprehensive energy program to lead the United States, through sacrifice, away from the threat of oil blackmail.

As demonstrated by a recent nationally televised press conference the President is at first trying to compromise with Congress but that may be too late. His plan for a heavy tax on wasteful uses of oil stands practically on chance of getting through the Senate and the big business interests he wanted to persuade him to likely to go away unscathed. In short, when the heat of battle cools about mid-December, the bid will probably have been so much weakened to make the United States energy independent and, against that failure, Carter's attempts to keep down the international price of oil are seen for what they are—naïve expedients.

In Carter's concern of his plight? Recently the President came out of the Oval Office to chat with reporters in the press room. Someone asked him if he ever wondered why he had named the job in the first place. "No," replied Carter. "But that may come."

WILLIAM ALFRED

Militant meeting with the "wrong" crowd

Chances to get even. But while Whitlam is expected to receive Prime Minister of Republique's majority of 46, the latest opinion polls seem to show he cannot win. If Fraser holds on, however, it will be on the strength of his government's export record (though lately the balance of payments has been in the black) or the cost of

—under occupation in Canada in 1970 when the Liberal-Unionist government in the Government of Ontario had refused a declaration by the Governor General, Lord Byng, Arthur Bennett, and Sir John A. Macdonald, that the British Empire was a free world.



The petro-bucks stop here

The UNCTAD report on oil exports in 1976 shows that in 1976 the oil-exporting countries in the world saw a 10% increase in the nearly seven years since they signed their cartel agreement in Tehran in 1971. North Africa, the price of oil has risen by nearly 100% while that means to Canada can be gained from the fact that oil exports, which cost \$291 million in 1972, cost \$2.2 billion in 1976 (Canada is importing more, but not much more than). There are 11 members of OPEC. Their total 1976 oil production in million barrels per day: Saudi Arabia 4.05, Iran 2.4, Iraq 2.4, Kuwait 1.4, Venezuela 1.4, Algeria 1.4, Libya 1.4, Indonesia 1.4, Nigeria 1.4, and the United States 1.4. Their total 1976 oil production in million barrels per day: Saudi Arabia 4.05, Iran 2.4, Iraq 2.4, Kuwait 1.4, Venezuela 1.4, Algeria 1.4, Libya 1.4, Indonesia 1.4, Nigeria 1.4, and the United States 1.4.

A 'Who's Who' or a 'Rogue's Gallery'?

No matter, since it fails either way

Business column by Peter Brimelow



The far reaches of the old British Columbia Company would be proved by Walter Clement. The young, left-wing socialist from Illinois's McMaster University has solved their personal problem of finding a product that the natives—in Clement's case, Canada's businessmen—want in exchange for their furs. Or think they want. Clement's *Commercial Corporate Power: Economic Lessons From Canada And The United States* (McClelland and Stewart, \$8.95) is a painstaking statistical compilation of some of the characteristics and relationships of the members of a number of large U.S. and Canadian companies. It will be the only book many of them will buy this year. It's altogether too bad that, as with the far reaches, the product seems to be to not get whistled.

That is because the rather than factual content of the book is mixed with Clement's ideological preoccupations, often amplified by innuendo. One victim is McClelland and Stewart's Marxist writer, who hobbles about Canadianism being held

Question: who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of multinational corporations?

"in subjection to the will of vast multinational and powerful 'the nation, positions, powers and privileges of the positively faceless individuals who tell our governments what to do.' Actually, Clement explicitly denies that his arbitrarily defined 'economic elite' can tell governments what to do, and explicitly admits that other elites in society limit its power. But the quakers of the desert despise the mind. And most of Canada's readers will be so stunned by his audacious statistics on details of daily membership and religion, when they were expecting anecdote and analysis, that they will be no less prone to respond to his concluding attack on private property as the root of all evil. In fact, property disturbs Clement so much that he is inclined to discuss Canadian nationalism as being irrelevant to the main problem, which is economic oppression.

The only surprise about Clement's review

is that this company director is a group have a lot in common and tend to regard themselves, especially in Canada, as that we are exposed to be surprised. Clement's method of selection may make this group look more formidable than it is, confidence not improved by the notorious major error—for example, that the United States is one fifth black, or that half America Ltd.'s 1974 Brazilian campaign were sent back to Canada. But to assume that the mere presence of this elite is to blame for everything from regional disparity to Canada's spotty manufacturing history is a remarkable feat. Clement clearly believes company directors place themselves above wages, power and interests in the same utopian style favored by civil servants and sociology departments. But two of his selected multibillion-dollar U.S. "dominate" corporations—W. T. Grant (department stores) and Pease Chemical (refrigeration)—live since vanished into bankruptcy with all the attributes of a real-world player being absorbed by the bad guys in *Star Wars* (much to the consternation of the "dominate" financial authorities which loosed their anarchy). Yes, Walters there is no economic study.

Clement has also overestimated that Canada is not in need of capital imports because in some years it raises more to the United States on dividends and interest payments than it receives in foreign investment inflows. This is an elementary logical fallacy, arising from comparing like with unlike. The outgoing payments represent the net on the entire mass of foreign investments accumulated in Canada. The yearly inflows are merely the marginal return. To be truly self-sufficient, Canada would have to find cash to buy that accumulated foreign assets. Clement's McMaster students must be asleep if he is in the habit of comparing the net of things. But given his public style, that's not unexpected. It is an obvious truth that most top businessmen eventually meet each other. In a small country like Canada, under three continents, social ties can sometimes interfere with competition, particularly in such aggressively anti-union take-overs. But this is marginal. No amount of social snickering has been able to save the Eaton family's department store empire from being taken to the ground in recent years. Its recovery will not be easy. And, after all, many Canadian governments—led previously socialist—also know each other. Want to make something of it?

Sports

Mike Walton is a big boy now

Mike Walton was shaken when he heard that David Sanderson was sick, depressed and, at 31, through with hockey. Understandably. But Walton's knee not believed this season, he too might have faded—he and Sanderson, after all, had followed similar routes. They played together in Boston in 1977, joined by the World Hockey Association, then jumped right back to the National Hockey League when sweet deals landed over. Three pro careers, both initially marked by a reputation for being temperamental and a hard knock reputation for wearing when they showed up at the Vancouver Canucks training camp in September. But that's when the similarities ended.

Walton ended up camp as fit as Sanderson was fat. He was 16 pounds below his normal playing weight while Sanderson arrived late, sick, and 15 pounds out of shape. Walton scored 12 goals in Vancouver's first 16 games, placing himself among the league's top 10 scorers, a dizzying statistical height for the 6-foot-6 Canadian. Sanderson didn't even make the team. "We all feel sorry for him," says Walton, "but then again how can you feel sorry for him when he didn't do what he should have done?" Walton spent the summer doing what Sanderson should have, he says. He ran and lifted weights, stress on coming back successfully from the knee knee ligaments that sidelined him after 40 games and only seven goals last season. The knee sprained in a bruise, held up better than the body Sanderson tried to

public after the Canucks made him a free agent. Not surprisingly, some of the 35 or so league teams wanted him.

It is ironic that Walton, of the two, named White Sanderson thrived in Boston, winning the league's top rookie honors in 1968. Walton shined on that ice in Toronto, broke with management wringing know-no on his nerves. But at 31, Walton says he's more relaxed. He spent the summer with his co-terminator and good friend Bobby Orr, helping out at the hockey school they have owned for one year. Orr, hobbled about with cancer and crutches, an example of hockey mortality that Walton couldn't ignore. When their long-term lawyer and adviser, Alan Eagleson, worked on a deal for Orr with Standard Brands, the multinational food conglomerate, Walton agreed to do the hockey school was put up for sale. "Standard Brands has

given me a great feeling of security," says Walton. "If I get lost again, this year, it might finish me as a hockey player. So what have I got? These people come along and said, 'Well, Mike, don't worry, you've always got a job with us.'

A Standard Brands contract will hold up even if his knee goes out—and security is vital to Walton, who had some when pressure almost scuffed his career in Toronto.

His reputation was called the lightly disciplined. Murphy laws that he played short far good in 1967, just in time to help win the last pre-emptive Stanley Cup. "Young kids were supposed to talk," recalls Walton. "They were supposed to speak only when spoken to. I came in to juggle because that's the kind of person I was." Marrying over the official Levi family—his wife, Candace, a Cook County's granddaughter—increased the pressure to conform. Added to that was a tension between Walton and general manager F. Foster. In 1968, just after standard and Walton developed some problems that gave new life to the nickname he'd had since childhood: "Shaky legs the lawyer, Alan Eagleson, finally got him to resign. He was forced to resign by bringing in psychiatric to testify. But staying with the Leafs would be detrimental to his mental health, and he was traded, in 1971, to Boston.

Walton, expansion and the advent of the new liberated the fan base, since that the six-team establishment had ruined Walton. He Sanderson, paralyzed experience and eventually made a million-dollar contract. But his 20-season fling with the new league ended when the Minnesota Fighting Saints stopped paying. He ended in the Vancouver Canucks (they got his was rights as a trade) in March, 1978, and was released after a star. Walton, after all, had his five vice-presidents—over Stanley Cup rings and the who scoring chain possibly he was with 57 goals and 40 assists in 1974. Canucks head coach who he failed to clear among the media and reports that allegations about his wife's words were true, but he couldn't. Walton, called his performance "a personal disaster."

But by the time he scored his third goal of the night—his eleventh of the season, breaking a 4-4 tie—in a home game against Cleveland Barons, many Canucks fans had forgotten why they booed a year ago.

RODGER SMITH



Walton (second from right, below) in a game against the Bruins and (right) with puckstick, a second year.



She shoots, she scores. Now what, one may ask, is so remarkable about that?

Sports column by Martin O'Malley

I've always had a soft spot in my heart for the tomboy. Her jeans were soiled and faded long before it became fashionable. She could coach and hit knees, know the difference between man-to-man and zone, and never and neptery mid-calcium like Saskatchewan Skaterettes. One of my sisters was a bit of a tomboy, an old girl friend was a lot of a tomboy, and when I first came out a young coach in Burnie, Ontario, introduced me to one and when, from her front porch, she threw me a ball, I performed!

There is nothing outrageous about this, not at all, in fact I think of anxiety about the fantasy of being caught at the bottom of a wild scene with hearty and hefty women night players. It used to be said to be a tomboy, the person you were playing catch with, just teasing the ball back and forth, speaking only when there was something to be said. If I missed a whereby, after the necessary amount of laughing we'd probably attack one another's palms, then jog off into the sunset.

Also you don't hear much of tomboys anymore. I suppose the word sort of faded, relegated to some shabby box and replaced by something like tomcat or (horror) jock. But maybe it's a good thing, maybe we don't hear much of tomboys because there are so many and they are so public, that the word has lost its definition.

They have their own magazine now, one called *WomenSports*, with a new star Billie Jean King as publisher. In a recent issue, Louise McNamee comments on playing field hockey in Philadelphia and in Yale. "One fall, when I had a particularly sore back, a football player who lived on my dorm floor offered to massage it for me," she writes. "I lay flat on my stomach, and he kneaded his knuckles into my right muscles. Yelling and grunting with each dig. I looked up, winced and said "Oh that feels so good. We have into laughter and said "Now I know you're a real jock, when the gun feels good!"

The big news to be in this hockey season is not the Soviets demolishing the Canadians or Bobby Orr's knee or violence on the ice. The big news this hockey season is girls on power teams outcoaching the boys, making all-star teams, carrying league officials by means sports we need to see discrimination. The big news just came involved in-year-old



Back playing in the dressing room, and on the ice—she's a Harbord 12—with Marley: the storm has passed them by



Gail Cummings of Harbord, Ont., who was barred last fall from playing for an open all-star team. Her parents complained to the Ontario Human Rights Commission and this month the commission ruled that the Ontario Minor Hockey Association should not arbitrarily keep females off hockey teams.

The Gail Cummings case prompted the usual outpouring of misguided, well-meaning, misguided wisdom—that handicaps and female all-stars must be open to women, right up to the National Hockey League and the Super Bowl and World Series, that wouldn't it be a shame if now young Willy has to go out and stand up poor Debbie.

I investigated for story, but not by talking to the prepubescent players, boys or girls. It never was a surprise for girls to go to be bigger and faster and often tougher than the boys, and on occasion to outcoat them, outkick them and outfight them. The women I met were in their mid-thirties, and had been playing hockey from their Gail Cummings days and were still enjoying it. Lynda Hartley and Val Bush both play for the University of Toronto women's intercollegiate team and for teams in the Central Ontario Women's Hockey League. In a season, they will play up to 60 games, including tournaments and playoffs.

We sat in the stands at Varsity Arena before a game between the University of Guelph and the University of Toronto. Hockey had broken her thumb in a game the previous weekend and I was a neutral spectator. She and Bush did not think it a great victory for Gail Cummings to be allowed to play on a boys' team for the reason that it might hurt women's hockey, which has an old and honorable tradition in Canada.

In the game, Val Bush, with a yellow postcard smiling behind her blue helmet, crashed into the boards on her second shift and had to leave the game. Hartley, one of the best women hockey players in the country, occasionally scored the tying goal with two minutes left. It was good, outcoaching hockey, not something the big league sports world would, but they don't bother with men's hockey leagues to see "We don't want the men officiating in our leagues," Hartley said. "We had them officiating at the start of the season but they treated the whole thing as a joke, none taking and then we had them fired."

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Justice

The bureaucrats claim another victim—but the Amish are used to that

The Old Order Amish have defied for centuries the shock waves of history. They fled parasite farms and the threat of internment during the American Revolution and Civil War, they fled 19th-century Prussian militarism, and in 1932 they fled Russian Communism. Now some families are on the move again, this time in flight from Ontario government regulations.

The Amish, an ultraconservative sect of the Mennonite religious order, say they don't want to cause trouble but they just can't live with government interference in their way of life as dairy farmers in southwestern Ontario. Regulations that went into effect in the beginning of 1992, about 15 months after they were first announced, force all dairy farmers to store and ship their milk in electrically cooled bulk containers. For the Amish, whose faith forbids the use of electricity, that is something they cannot do. They were not surprised when their regulations for exemption or special consideration—first with the Ontario Milk Marketing Board, then with Agriculture

Minister William Newman, then with the Ontario Human Rights Commission—were unsuccessful. Few compromises seemed possible between the dictates of their religious and the demands of modern marketing practices. They expected little more success when a last-minute move from the agriculture minister—pushed by loud public support for the rights of the Amish to religious freedom—placed the final decision in the hands of the provincial cabinet. The Amish had already decided not to take their battle to court; they would just leave quietly. Regardless of what cabinet decided, for much of Ontario's Amish community it would be too little too late.

Fifteen families from a congregation near Tavistock sold their farms and their milk quotas and departed some months ago. An ill-fated congregation near Gormley is split: half is gone and the rest will follow in seven to eight years. Of the 135 other dairy farms, the Amish are undecided, but the Mennonite Central Committee estimates that more than half will leave within two

years if they cannot stay in the dairy business. The refugees are heading for an established community in Pennsylvania where, they say, the government does not interfere.

The Amish object to mechanization in any form, but most of all they object to electricity. They work their fields behind horse-drawn plows and harvesters and milk their cows by hand, a disappearing skill in modern, rural Ontario. "I used to say the whole family comes together to milk the cows," explains Emma Werns, a Mennonite spokeswoman for the Amish. "The bus against mechanization keeps everyone occupied so that sons and daughters do not go off to the city looking for jobs." The Amish fear that if they allow big-brother laws upon their herds they invite temptation. Soon they would be buying in horse-drawn equipment and it would not be long before their lights and televisions showed up in the farmhouses. As well, the cost of the equipment would force farmers to cullage their herds and, ultimately, cease them to value their farms more than their families. His addition house to explain is court.

Lois Hoad, general manager of the milk board, says the government does not want to put the Amish out of business. "We want to offer them viable alternatives." He says the traditional situation

captures Kaufman of the Old Order Amish (left) sends his milk with a farmstead device called a Kyle, which empties circulating milk water; it takes about 15 minutes. He and David (right) walk by hand, as always, on their Agway farm.



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steel milk can used by the Amish are safe and compact meet tougher Ontario health standards. The new methods, besides being more hygienic, make for greater efficiency and less cost to the consumer. The Amish counter by saying they will match any hygienic standards set by the board—and if they don't measure up then let the board reject their milk, not their method. They have even offered to clean their own cans to help cut costs. Unopposed, the board suggests that the Amish raise to cream production (where, for the most being, cans are still acceptable or many worse. The Amish will do neither. Cream producers, who find their skimmed milk back to their breeder for lack of a market, rely heavily on government subsidies, and the Amish will not accept subsidies, just as they will not accept permits cheques or welfare. The suggestion that they move and slaughter hogs is an even greater odds with their way of life.

The milk board has refused to exempt the Amish from the regulations says board spokesman John Carkill, because it might then be exempted with demands from other farmers—many of whom moved only reluctantly into the era of bulk cooling—for compensation for their conversion costs. "They could argue that they converted needlessly and that the government should pay the bill," Bensen, the board says the regulations only make official a trend already well underway in the industry. While 5,234 of the province's 16,000 dairy farmers were not yet using bulk storage when the new regulations went into effect 18 months ago, all but 1,700 had changed over by the November 1 deadline. Most of those who have not switched never will. There is no room in the regulations for small-time newsmen and marginal producers with too few cows to meet for the expenses. Government awards alone could reach \$40,000 for some farmers, according to milk board estimates, and those who can't pay—Amish or otherwise—must get out of the business.

Shortly after all this first started, an Amish congregation near Ayrer offered a compromise. The community would install a communal bulk cooler to hold and chill the milk produced by 25 families. They only to purchase the refrigeration unit must be powered by a diesel generator, which is permitted by their religious. The board accepted the idea but ruled that only existing producers could use the tank. Clearly, the board intended to ensure, eventually, that dairy farmers in Ontario become as homogeneous as the milk they produced. It's not clear how much of this is what happens when you have a superbent in a small town. The Amish have been converted in some way by the Ontario regulator. And for their quarter \$3, I think they'd better find out about it.



Helen Hutchinson is a cheerleader.

"Absolutely. I'm happy to be a cheerleader for good books."

Because there are so many good ones that deserve attention, I feel it is almost unfair to give space and air to that which is bad. So I use my time to cheer the good.

The Ontario Times \$12.95

Wesley Bensen on the Ontario phenomenon in an index to Canadian culture—a very up and accurate one. It is a completely readable book, one of Perry's best. He'd probably faint if he heard me say that.

I think if there is a Canadian of over 30 who wasn't touched in some way by the Ontario question. And for their quarter \$3, I think they'd better find out about it.

Don Thomson, The Silence and the Storm \$29.95

"It's a beautiful book, beautifully put together—it helped me see a little better. This is what happens when you have a superbent in a small town. The Amish have been converted in some way by the Ontario regulator. And for their quarter \$3, I think they'd better find out about it."

Confessions of a Cheerleader \$12.95

"You can't put this girl. I was afraid that David Lee might have his own as his childhood hero older but his book reassures me he will do. There's one line I'd give you, clearly read it: 'When I get older, I'm going to be a cheerleader!'"

That's why David is so appealing. There's a whiff, and fun, and whimsy, and a lot of love of moments and energy, and goodness and a little wonder and hope. I mean, if a cheerleader is a being to an adult, it will be boring to a child. That one is wonderful. I've seen it on national series."

Canadian Children's Book Council of Canada \$12.95

"I read Ken (David's) first book in 1951. I was still in high school—and I remember I was longer than when I read him, but I certainly cheer!"

"It's the kind of humorous writing of which you are very kind. It's Ken's Canadian, and there are some of ourselves in being so nice."

I'd give it to anyone who had a well-developed visual sense, and a well-developed funny bone."

David Martin \$12.95

"I love John Fowler. He's a man that draws me to his books. His love of language, his ability to manipulate the language, and face the mind that draws through. He writes the sort of books

I am sorry to finish. As I go to the store of a person's book, one of my children read, 'Is something wrong?'"

You're reading so slowly. It was just that I was reading every last sentence."

I continue with books. They're my tools, just as a surgeon has his tools. Much joy comes to other things. I would get up everything I have, it wouldn't bother me, but I could not do without books."

I'm an addict. I find it difficult to get out of a bookstore. One always says to people, 'I know you got the book you read, because some time or other has happened to these things. And almost any kind of book you want you'll find it.' W.H. Smith. These selections are overvalued, and they have superbly good choice of Canadian books. Which is my mind in the mark of a good bookstore."

Every book Helen Hutchinson claims for can be found at your nearest W.H. Smith store. Together with lots, lots more. Books to inspire, to entertain, to educate, and curl up with. Books for Helen Hutchinson. Books for you. Books for everybody.

WHSMITH
Everybody's book store.



"We, James Duff and William Gordon, in El Puerto de Santa Maria, in the year 1768, undertake to produce our Brandy and Sherries with all the respect and care that the old processes demand."



William Gordon
James Duff

Agents: A. H. Vignaux and Sons Ltd.

Leisure

The games people play



As the role of the Purvis and Filmer was dead story-cry through Taitland, saying chemistry was and dipping into for a quick word with Sereis about that new doll or the latest in plastic dauphins, it would not have seemed possible. The suggestion that computerized games made to be played at home with the television set, would be the last Christmas item of 1977 would have drawn blank stares reflected off any black plastic shoes. But it had to happen eventually. Sereis' claim is also computer.

With Christmas closing in, retailers report that the new line of video games for the home is selling like crazy—"beyond our wildest dreams," says Bob Lipton, the buyer Simpson-Stan has assigned to video products. Consumers are clearly older, affluent "kids" willing to spend up to \$300 for the newest new thing on the market. In fact total industry sales in Canada this year are expected to reach \$40 million up from \$15 million in 1976. The re-

The wonderful world of video games at Compucore in Toronto: who says kids don't know how to have fun any more?

val this year of programmable video games via diskette from two producers, which are limited to a set number of games moves video games closer to the realm of home computer control.

Joey Tarasofsky of Compucore's Computer Controls, a unit of 30 stores in Ontario and Quebec, says programmable video games have the advantage of creating sales of consumer products. The games run on micro-processed cartridges containing tiny circuits that feed commands into a computer console hooked up to a tele-



Photo—Erik Thorsen, from left to right about the globe—Gord Sinclair, Richard Alway, Dave Hodge, David Teller, Fred Lacking

Erik Thorsen & friends on "The World Tonight."

At 11:00 every week night, something special happens on CFRB "The World Tonight." The one half-hour news package hosted by seasoned journalist Erik Thorsen. Erik is backed by the best people in the news business. From local and international news scenes, to sports, weather and the world of finance in a clear authoritative no pulling punches manner.

The World Tonight lineup

- 11:00 Anchor man Erik Thorsen reports the news from around the city, the country and the globe.
- 11:10 Monday, Wednesday and Friday Gord Sinclair's Quebec Report. Gord takes a warm, personal look at what makes Quebec so colourful and controversial.

- 11:10 Thursday News Analyst Richard Alway comments on key issues and events, unveiling a historical perspective to the news today.
- 11:15 David Teller, editor of the Financial Times, reviews "Money Matters" from your point of view.
- 11:20 Dave Hodge or Fred Lacking talk sports. A lot more than just the scores. Fred and Dave know the scores behind the news.
- It's the kind of "jazzie combination" that gives "The World Tonight" listener the last word from Toronto and around the world.

CFRB 1010

The people people listen to

Mandarine Napoléon

The Legend of Imperial Excellence
A truly exquisite liqueur made from
Bourbon, long pepper and cognac,
Mandarine Napoléon's mellow
flavour and rich aroma make it
an after-dinner drink "per
excellence"—and a valuable
addition to cocktails and
cocking. *Mandarine de France*
For a refreshing
summer cooler,
try Mandarine
Napoléon with
ice and lemon.

For our free
recipe book
created by
world
renowned
chefs and
barmen,
write to:
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NAPOLÉON
P.O. Box 775
Paris
Boulevard
Mandarine,
Quincy
MA 019



The Fireplace

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matted pieces—artistic and reproduction

379 Eglinton Ave. W., Toronto
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Help us
help you
help them.

Unicef.



vision. Tantalus is testing two of three cartridge games now sold in Canada—the Atari video computer games and the Fairchild Channel F—in his house. Arcade games solve the obvious problem of sleeping over half the neighborhood children in his living room, he says he is pleased. "The kids are constantly playing with them. The simpler pong games we had were never finished after the first week." Both the Atari and Fairchild models are actually powerful micro-computers and retail for about \$300. Additional game cartridges sell for another \$30 each. Atari now offers nine cartridges with a total of 187 games. The third game, Arcade, comes from Calem Canada. It is cheaper (about \$139) but less sophisticated, offering only 17 games on three cartridges.

A far cry from the Scares when horror movies fed quarters into table video games for a simple round of Ping-Pong or even the newest generation of video games offers a game of blackjack against a deck shuffling computer right in the living room (we have the seductive prospect of your cool Cat in Cooper's, many look). In-plant and suburban battles without danger of personal injury, even issues in basic misadventure and drama. Yesterday's video games now include hockey, soccer, basketball and baseball, with variety to change paddle size, ball speed, ball direction and on-screen obstacles. Sound effects—the thump thump of a canoe deck being shuffled, the explosion of missiles on the battlefield, the truck sounds of the prison pits at the racetrack—are controlled by the tv volume knob.

The game is inside a linked to a switch box on the television which can be flipped to "game" or "tv." Inside the console is what is called a micro-processor. It responds in game playing instructions from a two-millimeter memory chip inside each cartridge. Just Moments of Paragon Entertainment Products, the Canadian distributor of Atari, says, "It's actually a 1964 'A' size car piece of equipment, not cost more than a million dollars. took a space 10 times the size of the average room to house and required massive fans to cool it."

For the future, manufacturers are producing more cerebral games, such as chess and backgammon—a wider range of educational cartridges, and card games such as bridge and poker. Meanwhile, the first of the next generation of video games, developed by Bell Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, should be available in Canada early in 1978. It features a built-in keyboard and calculator, allows owners to program their own sets and will cost about \$500. Soon, the console will be able to put simple information—household accounts, records of grocery lists, recipe files—onto a cartridge and feed it into a video console to be recalled when needed. "The computer technology is already developed," says Leptine. "It'll blow your mind to know what is possible." CHRISTOPHER

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Rolex Datejust, self-winding chronometer from 1995

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Lifestyles

If thy right hand offend thee, shop at Lawrie's

Lawrie Weiser grows increasingly as a right-handed ruler to his Toronto home-ware struggles to open a soap can with a left-handed can opener. Type classified firmly between his teeth, Weiser offers glib suggestions. Ignoring his advice, the visitor insists sideways, hoping for a new perspective on the problem. So much for ambidexterity. Yet then, right-handed folk never will have to learn a world filled with left-handed appliances.

On the other hand, lefties—between 1% and 15% of the population, Weiser es-

timates—do have to cope with a right-handed world. And, to help solve the minor problem of being a singlepaw, Weiser (a certified member of Left-handed International) created The Sausier Shoppe in July, 1996. He cleared a space in his family's Queen Street wallpaper store, put a hand-printed sign on the wall beside a counter-clockwise clock and started ped-

Johnny Mayne, one of Canada's best-known seal-groovers, experiencing the joys of left-handed can-opening: Left 90!



dling an array of gadgets designed for left-handed people. Today his desk is piled high with letters from grateful lefties across the country, many requesting copies of the store's multi-order catalogue so that they can stock up on goodies the right-handed world takes for granted. "Sometimes I feel like a missionary that's a 'hasslemaker,'" Weiser confesses. But his missionary zeal hasn't exactly been bad for business.

Aside from a proboscis machine and a shagreen from Australia, most of The Sausier Shoppe's goods are subtly practical—the kind of stuff left-handed folks long for as they toast Monty-style to adapt to a right-handed world. When one customer wanders into the store many are there immediately to Weiser's collection of left-handed notions—his big gun sellers. Also for sale are books on left-handed knitting, crocheting and seedspinning, can openers, corkcrews, potato peelers, wine-squirrels, bread knives, omelette flippers, key cases and pet brushes ("For, er, left-handed pets")—in all some 90 items ranging in price from 40 cents for a CAULIS POWER HANDLE to \$95 for left-handed golf clubs.

Before opening the shop Weiser spent a full year scrounging up his stock of left-handed wares. "A lot of manufacturers don't want to bother making left-handed items because they feel there's not enough demand for them," he complains, noting that many of his items are imported. But Weiser, a pudgy, bearded connoisseur of the art of penmanship, hopes to change all that, starting with a protest march next spring. He argues he can summa up a big mob from among the 2,500 left-handed people on the planet's moving list. And a placard-bearing march down one of Toronto's main streets, maybe even stage a rally at City Hall. Right for lefties? "We're not having a redneck protest," he explains. "It'll be more of an attention-grabbing protest... and a party." Weiser says that photos of thousands of celebrities marching in the streets may convince some Canadian manufacturers that there is a ready market for left-handed goods.

For the time being, Weiser is busy lining up franchises. He has set an aggressive pace in Calgary and by Christmas expects to have shops opening in Vancouver, Windsor and Fredericton. Come spring, he'll pack up the original Sausier Shoppe and the wallpaper store and move from Queen Street to a new location. Weiser loves to talk at great length about the beauty of left-handedness and the original words coined to handlessness. He has even taken to signing letters with the title "Senior-left," a word he coined himself. But right now he has to get ready for an upcoming wallpaper sale. "One-handed and non-pertinent off," he muses, flapping a newspaper ad. "That means every you to take it away." To a right-handed person it all sounds pretty minor. CREDITS: BARNES

For perhaps the first time in your life, taste a cognac that wasn't married yesterday.

Most cognacs you drink today are "married" from separately aged spirits, just before they're put into the bottle.

Yet the ancient firm of Salignac, has insisted since 1809 upon marrying their cognac: spirits before aging them together for years in Limousin Oak casks.

These extra years of aging together produce a uniquely round, mellow, harmonious cognac. Yet Salignac is probably no more costly than the VS you're drinking now.

Salignac
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Married years longer

Now available at LCBO outlets in Ontario



MOVING?

If you plan on moving—either out-of-town or to the apartment down the hall—it's important that you notify us 6 weeks in advance. By doing so, we can make sure that the remaining issues in your Maclean's subscription are delivered promptly to your new address.

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Discover the Treasures of Alabama's Pleasure Island

It's the best time of year! Beautiful sun-kissed sugar white sand beaches and sparkling Gulf waters. Pleasant days and cool nights for the best time of year. Enjoy taking golfing, fishing or just relaxing. It is an atmosphere of true pleasure. Write or call for colorful brochure.



BURKE'S
All
5-year old
Canadian
Whisky



BURKE'S
Agents: A. F. Ingram and Sons Ltd.

Advertising

God and man at Baker, Lovick

At first glance it seems a novel, solitary marriage of God and man: after 14 years as the hard-driving creative director and vice-president of Baker, Lovick, one of Canada's top five advertising agencies, Bob McAleer has resigned from the board of directors, made plans to sell his stock and gone back to school—to study, of all things, theology. At the Baker, Lovick Luncheon for the new Sunday edition of The Toronto Star previous. Students will never be the same—at least for McAleer.

A 49-year-old postwar Catholic with eight children, McAleer doesn't see much contradiction between his old job and his new career. "Why not change?" he asks cheerfully. "I don't see many 50- or 60-year-old creative people around. They're all either in the C.I.R. Institute or gone to the Great Typewriter in the Sky—and religion has been my hobby for years."

Something more than a hobby, in fact, McAleer began studying religion seven years ago at Loyola University in Montreal. It was a grueling program that involved holding down a full-time job in Toronto and flying to Montreal for classes, but he handled it well enough to graduate with the gold medal for scholarship. He went on to take his M.A. at the University of Toronto's St. Michael's College again while working full-time. This fall he returned to St. Michael's to complete his doctorate in religious studies.

On his return, McAleer is an improbable theologian. He got his start in the predatory world of advertising almost by accident ("I didn't like typing collection letters at the first company where I was working") and rose through the ranks from a \$25-a-week copywriter to become a substantial stockholder in Baker, Lovick, now a part of the Canadian communications conglomerate. His colleagues remember him as an intense, tough-minded man with the casual habit of turning up an officer's moustache of a man's self. "The need to keep the lights on and the content down," one former associate remembers. "It always looked as if the place was lit by one single candle." He also kept control of the agency's creative carpal firmly in his own hands. "It was McAleer's way or the highway and no room for argument," the associate recalls. "He's a very high-energy performer and a good creative type. His staff felt, well, that what was advertising is all about." Among the products he has sold: Coffee-mate ("what a good cup of coffee one gets"), Chrysler and Chrysler.

McAleer makes no claim to any special piety. "I'm a sinner like everybody else,"



McAleer at St. Michael's College, from *Coffee-mate to Mysteries of the Faith*

he says. "The embarrassment by Protestant discussions about 'finding God' and 'for not a proselytism.' Preaching—except by example—is unlikely to be part of his future. McAleer's special interest is religious anthropology and he'd like to teach that subject at the university level. The information from his past to his new is not yet complete, however. McAleer will continue as a consultant for Baker, Lovick for another year. "One of my passions was concentrating on the 'subclinical collaboration' of advertising and theology," he says with a smile. "I cannot but, I would do my very best to make sure my theology didn't corrupt my ads." WILLIAM DAMPER

"If we need oil and gas, why look for coal and uranium?"

More facts and figures have been produced over the last few years on the subject of energy than almost any other topic.

But whatever benchmark you care to choose, most people recognize existing supplies of oil and gas are being used up.

Sharing the energy load.

The disadvantage of hydrocarbon energy is that it can be used only once.

But the existing supply can be stretched by more efficient use or by substituting other forms of energy in its place.

Which brings us to coal and uranium.

Coal & Uranium—Electricity.



The Picking
Nuclear Power Plant,
Ontario

The best example that illustrates the growing importance of these forms of energy is in their projected use for the production of electricity.

Today water generates around two thirds of all the electricity we use.

Coal about 15%. Uranium near 0%.

But in only twenty-five years hydro power's share will drop to approximately 40% of what we consume, with coal and uranium supplying more than half of our electricity.

Imperial and the search.



Exploration for coal at
Lucky Creek, Alberta

Part of being an energy company is being an exploration company. So, turning to a new search comes second nature to Imperial, though where to look for coal and uranium can be just as tough as it is for oil and gas.

Canada has large deposits of coal and, because it's an old friend, there are certain clues where to search.

But uranium is a virtual newcomer to the energy hunt and finding it in significant amounts is more difficult.

Serving Canada's energy needs.

Even with conservation, the demand for energy will continue to grow as the population increases and industry develops. The need to find new sources of supply to share an increasing load is very real.

So, by expanding our exploration activities to coal and uranium we're helping to serve Canada's energy needs and demonstrate that Imperial means energy.



Imperial Oil Limited



Education

Why (probably) Johnny can't read

At the bottom of a report card needed with strength P1 was a scribbled note from the teacher: "If only he'd pay more attention. It only helps to be lazy usually." "Girish Back, a quiet eight-year-old with an above-average IQ, had failed grade one three times. Lucy Shaped. Retarded. These are the labels that would have plagued him 20 years ago, before the term learning disabilities had any meaning. Children might have quit school, maybe after grade nine. And felt like a loser for the rest of his life. Today he is one of the lucky ones. He sits with seven other children in a special education class, moved from repeating grade one for the fourth time by a teacher quick enough to detect his difficulties.

Hope, however faint, is now possible for the learning disabled, as parents and professionals begin to come to grips with a problem that affects, in varying degrees, about 6% of Canadian schoolchildren. True, little progress has been made in understanding why these children, who have average or above-average IQs, suffer from learning disabilities. Nor is it known why so many boys and girls are affected. Yet some exciting research in neuroscience now make it possible for a child whose disability has been detected to adapt to it—and even excel," says Marge Glick, senior psychologist at the McGill-McMast Children's

Hospital Learning Centre, probably Canada's most successful school devoted to curing learning disabilities. "We've got to keep telling families that learning disabilities are not a tragedy, just a pain in the neck."

Entering the world of the learning disabled is like dancing a pair of waltzes. For some children letters are reversed. To become adults, one must learn to read. As a result, perceptual problems, more difficult to detect, also are common. Just as hard for her, Tim for sugar. Other children confuse certain sets of orders, so that when a teacher asks a class to take out a math text, turn to page 57 and do questions A, E, T and V, they pause, unable to recall the commands. Often the perceptual problem is aggravated by hyperactivity and children are unable to concentrate. Though otherwise bright and outgoing, the children may end up dropping teachers, skipping school and going back to the thought of Monday morning like a thief in the night. At St. Michael's, the doctor who presides the study of learning disabilities is

Canada about 20 years ago, once asked a bewildered parent: "How would you feel if you thought you were smart but everyone kept saying you were stupid?"

A point emphasized by researchers is the importance of detecting a disability as early as possible. The longer it goes unnoticed, the greater the damage as parents and children seek desperate solutions to problems they don't understand. One mother of a lonely nine-year-old male to "boy" him friends by offering them gifts. It didn't work. Frustrated, he got excited by grabbing a hammer and smashing his own legs. Many learning disabilities have established "pre-scholarship classes" based on a model clinic in Windsor, Ontario, where preschool-age children are tested for learning disabilities.

But not all school boards agree to participate in the program. Many bright children across the country still fail grades and worried parents still wonder why. Says Rosemary Underwood, executive director of the Ontario chapter of the Canadian Association

Mirror-writing (left) is the manifestation of one form of learning disability (it can be mirror-read, if anyone is interested). Dr. Sybil Schwartz of McGill, a speech therapist, works with a learning-disabled child (right).



Association for Children with Learning Disabilities (CALD). "If you're lucky enough to live in a big city you stand a good chance of your kids being detected, but certainly not in a lot of smaller cities and towns."

Only Nova Scotia and Saskatchewan now provide mandatory education classes for the learning disabled—and even there school boards are expected to share expenses with the province. Some, pleading other priorities, refuse assistance. At a CALD conference held in Ottawa in October, Quebec president Denyse Labelle-Casaccia said she hoped that "in the near future, laws will be passed guaranteeing the right of each child to an appropriate education." Until then, some parents and children are relying on the few expensive private schools in the country. In Ontario, two private residential schools have opened within the past year, but these are still not public schools for children with severe learning disabilities. Dozens of parents in the province have been forced to send their children to the Grew School in Middlebury, New York. Says Anne de la Roche, mother of a child with a learning disability, "The school at a cost of \$5,000 a year in tuition alone." "My kid was miserable at first. He's a real homebody. But if the care was in China that's where he'd be."

Where residential classes are provided in Canada, teaching techniques tend to be a hit-and-miss proposition—deliberately and effectively. Since it often is hard to determine the exact nature of a child's disability—whether it is visual or aural or a combination of both—the approach is multi-sensory. The senses are bombarded with messages in the hope that one will register. For instance, children narrate movements, say, trace and touch a letter in the alphabet, trying to make the connections other children make naturally. Lately, however, there has been a movement to put the children back into regular classes to keep them from feeling alienated. A grand idea, but not a practical one. Classes must be small if the children are to receive the special attention they require. When that isn't possible, they get lost in the shuffle.

The child whose disability goes undetected shows his confusion and desperation in different ways. He may become the class clown, withdraw, turn to juvenile delinquency. Yet if his problem is noticed early enough and if school boards give him the help he requires, there need be no confusion, no desperation. Far too many children continue to search through the system undetected. But even they have some hope of success. The Montreal children's learning center has received many encouraging letters over the years, from a surgeon who still is an indifferent reader, an architect who never learned to spell, a businessman who relies on assistants to compose his letters. Probably the most recent success story comes from Washington, where an exasperated, but now-writhing politician complains his traffic violations to write their own tickets.

JULIANNE LABRECQUE



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The triumph of good taste

Distilled and Bottled in Scotland

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CONTOUR—
Shaped to fit better.
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Who knows more about contraception than SEARLE



Travel

The game is afoot

In British gambling circles they like the story about the Arab high roller who won \$100,000 per barrel and cashed in his chips. "My God," gasped a young Englishman beside him. "That's more money than I'll see in a lifetime!" "Here take it," said the shrewd Arab, and the protestant that couldn't possibly "All right then," said the gambler. "We'll split it!" And they did. The winner is still coming over the untouchable wealth and planning how to spend it all.

London is riddled with stories about gambling Arabs these days. At the Lad-

brook Club, for example, an Arab player recently lost one million dollars, then strode to the men's room where he tipped the attendant attendant \$10,000—just to get the evening's fun on perspective. If he wished to try his luck elsewhere, he had an offer 22 gambling clubs to choose from in London, as well as 56 in the rest of the country. For the same reason in Birmingham in England. In fact government figures show that it is one of the few pastimes that the country boasts these days. In London alone the amount of money spent on the gaming tables (known as "the drop") rose from about \$150 million in 1973 to almost \$600 million in 1976. This year a healthy \$200 million increase is expected.

Though big time casino gambling has been legal in Britain since 1968, London has never gained the gambling reputation of a Las Vegas or a Monte Carlo. But lately some gamblers have come to realize that gambling in Britain is making better and better business sense. When the overvalued value of British currency hit a new low last year, visiting businessmen discovered they would get more English chips for their native currency. They chased their nation and "the drop" went up 42%, though attendance increased only 6%.

A London visitor, whatever his point of origin, can become a member of a London gambling club only by appearing in person and filling out a standard form. The fee is modest—it varies from \$30 to \$50—and

A little modelist doesn't expect the girls to be there. It's a bet and he's got to be there at Crookford's drawing to a bet.

the waiting period is 48 hours, regardless of the applicant's income or social status. The same routine must be repeated at each club a gambler wishes to visit and if he expects to establish credit the 48-hour wait may well be extended.

The Playboy Casino Club is London's largest (last year's profits reportedly totaled more than \$30 million), but "discreet" gamblers often prefer the more opulent Crockford Club also a Playboy operation. It is located in a house that features a unique winding staircase called "an architectural wonder" and truly welcomes only the committed, wealthy dealer. Atmosphere starts from club to club. The Park Tower Casino draws a young crowd seemingly out for a bit of a lark and there is only a small indication of heavy play. In the Victoria Sporting Club, a brittle mood prevails as female assistant crumpets expose yards of skin and flirt-eyed wackadogs pace between tables. But for slow comfort and true elegance, serious gamblers say you can't beat Crockford's. The oldest club of its kind in Europe, it was founded in 1830 by a rich-to-riches guy named, appropriately, William Crockford. Prospective gamblers and dealers are offered a free glass of champagne to the bar, waiters in the dining room are attentive and the upper tables are parked in an air of quietude as a reward.

You don't hear the cheaters at Crockford's, only the rustle of the roulette wheel, the certain sweep of the crapsier's paddle as he deals and the swirl of chips gathered in to the bottom. "The bank wins." If a stranger (over 21) has the desire to gamble that at Crockford's there are many respectable grounds when he loses a few hundred pounds, heads turn in amazement. He quickly sees his mistake, fulfills and the discreet atmosphere is restored.

Club managers say Arab, Iranian and Nigerian play with ease while Americans, Turks and sundry other folk follow behind. Englishmen find what it comes to high stakes. In a climate where million-pound wins or losses can occur in a single night, even the English gambler was put in his place by a respectable-looking at the Crockford Club. "They're too cool as hell for my liking," he said. "One expects to be treated pleasantly after losing a quarter of a million pounds in a month. And they don't even remember my name." Replied the hostess only. "Anyone who has lost only a quarter of a million pounds in one night doesn't have the nerve to sign back in next day." And so it goes, when you're in the chips.

JAN CARROLL

Energy

Pop goes the diesel



Great and his VW joining a big rig at the fuel pumps. Even, \$200 million later...

Ever since North Americans loved the first fuel injection car, the diesel engine has been a big deal. While they revel in powerful engines, environmentalists kept telling them gas engines were safer. But

now energy-conscious car lovers—especially if they happen to be big-car lovers—may be able to make and enjoy car cars.

Everyone has heard the whole and smelted the exhaust of diesel trucks on the highway. But until now, cars with diesel engines have been rare because the expensive Peugeot and Mercedes-Benz diesels couldn't produce the speed and quiet demanded by pre-energy-conscious consumers. Three years ago fewer than 1,000 diesel cars were sold in Canada. This year the appearance of a new, light diesel should push sales to about 10,000. Introduced last spring by Volkswagen and in October by General Motors, the improved diesel offers all-around economy, better mileage, cheaper fuel and lower operating costs. It is up to 15% more fuel efficient than the gas engine, yet costs little. A diesel option on the Volkswagen Rabbit adds only \$275 to its price, while a diesel option offered by General Motors on the Oldsmobile 88 and 96, as well as the Chevrolet and GMC light trucks, costs about \$600. The new engine keeps the advantages of the heavy-duty diesel—no need for a long-warm and longer engine life—and reduces diesel complaints such as slow acceleration and delayed cold weather starting. Because it has no spark plugs or distributor, turn-ups are unnecessary and an occasional stalling of the fuel jets and regular changes should keep the engine running up to 150,000 miles.

But there are real problems. A diesel owner can't just stop at the corner station

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If you know enough to know a great vodka when you can't taste it, you're Sam's kind of guy. Silent Sam. The Invisible Vodka.

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and get his tank filled. He must find a station with a diesel pump. However, there are no diesel pumps in Canada that where Christopher and Lisa, owners of Benson, Ontario, bought their Mercedes this year the dealer gave them a list of diesel stations across the country. Most are on truck routes and not easily accessible to a city driver who discovers his tank of fuel at midnight. "We keep a five-gallon plastic can full of diesel fuel in the trunk just in case," says Lisa. The problem can't be solved simply by adding another pump at each gas station. Canadian oil refinery officials say it would cost billions of dollars, increasing fuel costs to the consumer, to convert from the production of gasoline to diesel oil.

Ironically, a ban on it at the same time as a ban on the energy-saving diesel. American energy legislation, reviewed in the past, was prompted in the first place by the Energy Policy and Conservation Act passed in 1975. It notes that the automobile fleet of each country, which now averages 20 miles per gallon (litre) (\$1), must average 27.5 miles per gallon by 1995. The obvious solution—sell compact cars—hasn't been very popular because surveys show that Americans prefer still prefer in-gasoline models. So General Motors came up with a light diesel car. But now the diesel has come up against the U.S. Clean Air Act. It specifies that the level of oxides of nitrogen emitted (in contrast to eyes and throat) must be reduced to one gram per mile by 1995. Frank Fick, member of engineering for General Motors in Canada, says the best the diesel can do and still remain economical is 1.5 grams. The lobbyists in Washington are working hard for a change in legislation.

Meanwhile, despite the uncertain future, dealers are selling Volkswagen Beetles to find buyers for every one of the 7,500 diesel Beetles in Canada. Kingsley Grant of Brookville, Ontario, says he went all the way to Ottawa in early July to buy his new yellow Rabbit. "I'll be coming soon," he says, "and I wanted a car that would be easy on fuel and help conserve energy." What he enjoys most about his diesel is filling up at the local truck stop where he gets the same prices that will take him more than 500 miles. "I always get a kick out of looking at the diesel pump since what the last rate was. It's usually 90 or 100 pence."

General Motors is still taking the market waiting to see if the little engine—the 16 to 45-second constant delay, the sky-high leader engine, the slower acceleration—will discourage people from buying in big numbers. Only 7,500 of them are on Canadian cars this year. But GM's Fleet is convinced that if the diesel catches on it could do more than save money and fuel. It could very well be the winner of the big car. The diesel may be the only engine available on a full-size car by 1995, he says. "Either it's accepted or we'll all be driving compacts."

MURRAY MACLEOD

Behavior

Where there's smoke, there's ire

Smokekeeper Canada: Contare is flouting Banning the cash register in the corner grocery store and her husband own the pulls on a cigarette and works at the sign the City of Toronto has ordered her to display on the wall "Look at me." She takes a drag. "Smoking. Right under my own nose," she says. "And I'm not."

Toronto's new smoking bylaw has been called worse, but for the city's non-smoking majority it has certainly cleared the air. Since October 1, smoking has been verboten in retail stores, hospitals, banks, municipal offices, elevators, libraries, reception areas and school buses. Theaters and assembly halls must allow at least half their space for the non-smoking public. Restaurants must advise clearly whether a no-smoking section is provided. Under the law, each proprietor must strictly enforce the no-smoking rules or face a fine of up to \$1,000. But for anyone caught peering where he shouldn't.

"If I think I'm going to step outside in the cold rather than smoke in my store, they're nuts," grumbles Contare. "They'll

have to bring the jail down here and sit it over my head."

That probably won't be necessary. With the law on their side, Toronto's non-smokers are finding that most people, if asked politely, would rather switch than



Famous Players cinema, like Toronto's Plaza (right), have gone beyond the bylaw that Montreal (below) fought for and won.



light. In the two months the bylaw has been in effect, the handful of protest groups it has been accused in the words of one smoker addict, so "wherever the smokers are." Non-smokers previously too timid to protest against secondhand smoke at their eyes and lungs now are speaking up and asking smokers to quit on. Across town from the Cactus store, a packed movie house, guests at a restaurant, a restaurant, the streets just before show time with a sound of thousands applauding. Smoking in trendy Toronto is becoming unfashionable.

Much of the credit for the push to the Non-Smokers' Rights Association, a privately determined group of lobbyists who, after three years of chewing on the tobacco problem, finally won their way at City Hall. Led by 36-year-old executive director Gerald Mahood, they blasted City Hall last spring with a campaign so well orchestrated it inspired city council to pass the bylaw unanimously. Toronto mayor David Crombie called the group "one of the most expressive and insightful lobbyists I have ever known." As Toronto's bordering, adjoining the committee studying the bylaw proposals called the non-smokers "families who are pursuing smokers with the zeal of the Spanish Inquisition. People are going to die anyway," the most reasonable. Ironically, the anti-smoking battle is being waged most successfully in Ontario, home of Canada's tobacco industry. The Toronto bylaw, a stronger version of one introduced by the City of Ottawa at the beginning of the year, probably will serve as an important model for other communities. Since October 1, half a dozen Ontario municipalities have started to prepare their own codes on indoor pollution and a look in of others will follow soon. A national Gallup poll in April showed 66% of Canadians favor stricter smoking and non-smoking sections in restaurants and another 67% favor a complete ban on smoking when they dine.

Mahood, a professional public relations who came to Non-Smokers' Rights from the Canadian Environmental Law Association, says he'd just love someone to drag the Toronto bylaw into court. So far, Ontario hasn't moved to correct smoking on a province-wide basis. Tobacco firms, which pour more than \$100 million a year into provincial coffers. Solutions for Toronto and Ottawa say both cities probably exceeded their authority under the provincial Municipal Act when they declared the anti-smoking laws—but they didn't work as approving work from provincial authorities. "An Act of Catch-22 situation," says pte store manager Doug Matthews. "It would cost some poor fellow about \$30,000 and two years in court to get the bylaw defeated. Then the province could just rewrite the Municipal Act and allow the bylaw and you're back at square one."

Mahood has waged a fierce battle to convince Toronto's politicians of something already widely accepted outside

Canada: "In a country where people spend most of their time indoors, reduced tobacco smoke poses a major health threat and pollution problem. In the United States, but laws are obliged to provide smoking for all non-smokers, even if that means cutting back on the number of seats reserved for smokers. In Finland, fines for smoking in prohibited places are as high as the mayor's income. This fall France introduced some of the strictest anti-smoking laws in Europe, while Sweden enacted a 25-year smoking control program."

Toronto's bylaw is a necessary weapon in the battle for clean personal space in Canada, argues Mahood. "You can educate people from here to democracy that they shouldn't drink and drive and they'll still do it," he says. "You have to combine that education with something else—legislation and peer group pressure." With Toronto's non-smokers have their law and the province definitely is an. As one Toronto columnist declared, "Motherhood is in." And already, city government, city officials the bylaw is proving to be just regulating their own taste that 70% of Torontonians are confirmed non-smokers and only 17% of the population is refusing to obey the law.

"Now they say 'look' where one letter in the other," they'll be telling on what space you had.

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Television

For a good new-fashioned Christmas

"The Disney films," says a gloomy Toronto pessimist, "are the Christmas cards of animation." That metaphor isn't as far-fetched as it sounds. Today, nearly 60 years after *Fantasia*, *Pearlman* and *Snow White* first appeared, they remain dazzling monuments of color, sound and fantasy. They represent the dizzying heights to which all recent animation aspires, grossing Walt Disney Productions an estimated \$30 million each over the years. But a not these halcyon days of care, anxiety and low wages concern has stopped showing cartoons with G-rated films. Saturday morning television has disintegrated into adult sitcoms, and the cartoon assembly line has wasted creative talent.

Quite simply, the cost of producing cartoons, although cartoons are profitable when the mainline is content with the gladdening platitudes of Charlie Brown and the low-rent jolliness of the Flintstones. It's no wonder the current attitude among Canadian independent animators, such as old-line professionals as Toronto's Vladimir Gouzenoff and Ottawa and All-Goof of Banbury, is gloomy. Faced with the five-year-old Canadian government but no animated commercials on children's television and the notoriously low (the first 10% of what the American networks pay), both men are thinking seriously of moving to the larger and more lucrative markets of the United States.

It is the down-taken atmosphere that makes Toronto's cluttered little Nelvana so different. Located on the second floor of a semi-converted warehouse on Toronto's waterfront, the studio's atmosphere is crisscrossed with energy and business. Famous Pat-



rick Lombert, Michael Hirsch and Clive Smith are determined to stay in Canada and make cartoon features that will sell internationally. Judging by their half-hour film, *A Christmas Carol* (r.v., December 6, 8 p.m.), they are on the way.

The cartoon is about Peter, a spry, mischievous kid, his pet goose Lucy and their adventures with three wise men from a once upon a time who have come to earth (along with their Shmo-like, galactic mascot) making the meaning of Christmas. It is an amalgam of Christmas sentimentality and biblical lore brought up to date with contemporary trappings and glowing lights. The best thing about *A Christmas Carol* are the lush animation and to some of the film's plot, his focus and complications enough for adults and plenty of silliness for kids. Particularly delightful are the charming and touching foibles between Lucy, the Canada Goose, and the polymorphic space creature and the way political cartoonish play and dance alone as composites while the main figures set the story. Producer Michael Hirsch admits the film may move too fast for some children who see it for the first time, but director Clive Smith says that's better than dragging it out.

Peter and Lucy (top) and 'mascot' Smith, animation director Frank Messer, Hirsch, executive producer Jeffrey Kirosh and Lombert (left) would've been proud

A Christmas Carol began 25 years ago as a wacky idea dreamed up by partner Patrick Lombert. Since then with a combination of talent and hustle, they have raised the \$275,000 budget (\$40,000 from the cbc for three screenings on the English and French networks, \$100,000 in credit from the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, \$125,000 from private investors, and \$5,000 from the Ontario Ministry of Industry and Training), made the film with 40,000 drawings, persuaded Syntex Television to compose and sing two songs, el-

ated space who have come to earth (along with their Shmo-like, galactic mascot) making the meaning of Christmas. It is an amalgam of Christmas sentimentality and biblical lore brought up to date with contemporary trappings and glowing lights. The best thing about *A Christmas Carol* are the lush animation and to some of the film's plot, his focus and complications enough for adults and plenty of silliness for kids. Particularly delightful are the charming and touching foibles between Lucy, the Canada Goose, and the polymorphic space creature and the way political cartoonish play and dance alone as composites while the main figures set the story. Producer Michael Hirsch admits the film may move too fast for some children who see it for the first time, but director Clive Smith says that's better than dragging it out.



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Paler, Luc and friend: a cheek-to-cheek?

inspired and served its American distributor, Viacom, and syndicated the series to new stations covering 90% of the U.S. market—more than respectable for a company that started as a years ago with capital assets of 25 cents and now numbers only 12 full-time staff (average age 24).

But animated cartoons are expensive and Nelvana is already into production on their next one. *The Devil And Daniel Mouse*. Based very loosely on Stephen King's邪惡的短故事 *The Devil And Daniel Webster*, it is the tale of two rock-singing mice. One (young and narrated by John (Lucas) Spoofish) Sebastian) and Jim (like A Goose Chews), *Devil Mouse* will run half an hour and cost \$4,000 a minute. The license U.S. television syndicator has paid off the private investors and provided the nest egg for *Devil Mouse*, but future projects depend on the critical and popular success of *A Goose Chews*. That's why Nelvana has been pre-empting their film, hoping to build up an audience before it is aired on television. Close to 300 children, parents and friends attended a special screening in Toronto recently. The kids created a kids' debate, pickt' sure, then enthusiasm. But the parents, no doubt with visions of Disney dating in their heads, giggled and laughed and had a wonderful time. A *Goose Chews* is an *Osborne* cartoonist, but thanks to characters such as Lucy the Goose a delightful figure with the charm of Disney's *Dumbo* or *Thumper* the Rabbit. It's more than able to stand on its own.

BANBURA MARTIN

To be continued...

In the late Seventies, when North American television news tend to be more surface than substance, there are few Canadian films written, created by the Governor General who would sign their name. And television news tend to be more surface than substance, there are few Canadian films written, created by the Governor General who would sign their name. And television news tend to be more surface than substance, there are few Canadian films written, created by the Governor General who would sign their name.

Vince-Lévy Benard, winner of the 1974 Governor General's Award for his novel *Don't You Know It's a Wonderful* Benard, 32, that becomes the latest in a long line of first-class Quebec novelties to win a MM-prize (literally, television novel), an institution so important in Quebec that the series novels produced by French language *CMR* last year reached an astounding total of 5,236,300 viewers during February and March in the Montreal region alone. Since the *Flamingo Family*, perhaps the best known of the Quebec series because it also ran in English, the television situation has become a genre of generic omnipresence in Quebec. *Les Belles Histoires des Pays d'ici* (Good Stories From The Backcountry) and *Les Fugues* (Ghosts Of Québec) ran 20 and 11 years respectively. Benard's productions began with *Flamingo* (written by Roger Lemelin) and included *Clara* (written by Claude Lévesque), *Les Belles Histoires des Pays d'ici* and *The Taverne*.

Significantly, the lack Benard has taken with *Les As* is a kind of Americanism. He doesn't do the usual-latched "Bourgeois" (despite their traditional role as reinforcers of Québec's cultural fibre, have failed to evolve with the times. "I purposely chose to do something more American," he says. "I consciously chose to do the way we live in Quebec now." Unlike *Schlenker*, the usually sayor of a Québec small town who, for nearly 20 years, was the popular hero of *Les Belles Histoires des Pays d'ici*, *Les As* is a present-day Guy Levesque in a tough city state. He is a successful, well by grade school, political corruption and sexual women.

Benard's so-called Americanism is really a kind of subconscientism of a completed picture. Full membership of Quebec in the electronic Global Village. More than a quarter of the lucrative francophone-dollar Québec publishing industry, for example, goes into covering largely American TV series like *French Bulldog*, *Canadiana*, besides offering new home-made *known*, includes an equal number of dubbed English-language exports while in the Montreal area privately owned *Télé-Montreal* offers another 1991 hours a week including, among others, *Les Incroyables* (The Incredible) and *Les Incroyables* (Adrian 12). Says a spokesman for the private station, "The American series are popular because Quebecers have the same problems as people to be-

lieve as other North Americans." But it's tough to be "more American" when American movie studios complain about Radio-Canada's overly their spreading of its budget on home-made production. "What counts in this genre is the rhythm," says Benard. "We lack both money and experienced technicians. You just don't want the camera on a departing car for an entire minute." Although problems such as a province-wide power blackout on the night of the premiere, provincial, right complaints about the quality of the acting and direction, perhaps, he says, "because there hasn't been time to create a team."

Despite its clumsiness, however, *Les As* has a common theme and a track that clearly separates it from its controlled predecessors and American role models: a nagging social conscience. As the series develops, hero Levesque unconsciously rejects the isolated politics of yellow journalism, gets involved in social activities and leads a fight against his double passion. "It's always the same problem," says the weary *Goose* reporter after an evening slot master critique of political corruption. "Money—the benefits of corruption."

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Films

O Ca-na-da, our home and native movie set

It isn't so long ago that the making of a Canadian movie was an event, a phenomenon as rare as an eclipse and as widely hailed as the birth of a royal heir. In 12 months that has changed all around the country. So many films have gone into production in Montreal, Toronto and Vancouver (that last one that it seemed as if the stars had descended from the Silver Screen to meet their kinsmen in Canadian dirt. In suburban Toronto, the fall, there was actually a day when Elliott Gould and Susan York were shooting on one street corner, making work on *The Silent Partner* was, while Peter Onorati and David Hemmery were on the corner opposite, putting the finishing touches on *Coup d'Etat*. And though Montreal and Toronto got the lion's share of the action, there was a movie for every province: it seemed. Bud Carr was already on Prairie screens in *Ray*. *Show The Teacher*, which he'd made there less than a year before, while on rocky Cape Breton Island, Ten McLellan—

daughter of media guru, Marshall—was directing Colleen Dewhurst and William Shatner in her first feature film, *The Third Worker*.

The roots of the movie industry spreading over Canada are international. For while investment conditions for film production in Canada are now among the most attractive in the world thanks to "tax shelter" legislation that makes it possible to deduct investments in films with minimum Canadian creative content, the industry in the United States is in a major slump. Spurred by a glut of fresh investment money, a new breed of movie-making Canadian producers has sprung itself into the breach with the creation of providing slack. Hollywood North-style films to U.S. theaters.

Typical of these handlers is 29-year-old lawyer and York University lecturer, Garth Drabinsky. In 12 months, Drabinsky has spent five million dollars to make *The Gossamer*, with Donald Sutherland and Christopher Plummer, and *The Silent Partner* with Gould and Matt York. In Montreal, the action centers on 17-year-old Julian Melnick, who hangs up his cap and gown after seven years as an Oxford don to make Canadian movies in Paris, Montreal, possibly London—where

over the last three years (in 1976, at five year, Melnick's Classic Films used seven million dollars to make or finance four films including *Angela* (Sylvia Lorell) and *Junk Two Two Men* (The Howard Fong, from the story by Michael Ondaatje).

What's more is that this activity is flourishing, if not already killing, the distinctively Canadian film. Investors prefer to sink their money into such big international patterns as those Drabinsky and Melnick produce, leaving little room for traditional Canadian producers such as Harry Glicken, currently in Quebec making *Two Soldiers* from the classic Hugh MacLennan novel. Despite the fact that Glicken produced the more successful Canadian film to date, *Let My Father Tell Me*, which grossed eight million dollars, he could barely deduct \$1.5 million from the sum of \$40 to \$50 million that's going mainly into Hollywood North films. "Raising the money was a terrible struggle," Glicken says, "a difficulty I couldn't have overcome without *Let* behind me. I have nothing against co-productions as such. They concern me only insofar as they destroy films that are identifiably Canadian."

Melnick disagrees: "The day of making films in Canada, by Canadians and for Canadians is finished," he says with a shrug. Drabinsky goes on to confirm this view. "If I don't see the possibility of an international sales market, I simply won't go in. That's why the packages I have assembled are absolutely significant," he thunders, "an appeal to a film like *White Man Sins The Wind*. It's a lovely preposterous-

Sutherland and Francine Racette in 'The Disappearance' (far left), Melnick (left), photography director Billy Williams setting up a shot for 'The Silent Partner,' and Lillian in 'Angela' the movie colony

ably, but a will end up as an historical vehicle for Canadian Studios at high schools, at a cost of \$1.5 million, largely borne by taxpayers."

Public funds are scarce too with Hollywood North producers. The government agency, the Canadian Film Development Corporation (CFDC), refuses to have anything to do with their Sanyo/CBC cinematic device: Michael Spence. "We have withdrawn from investing in co-productions because they're not achieving what we want—money, an opportunity for Canadian cinema." Only one of nine Anglo-Canadian co-productions for example, *Coup d'Etat*, has had a majority Canadian creative control, in the form of screenplay and direction by former co-director, Marilyn Borke.

Even the notion that co-productions at least keep Canadian directors at high schools, despite the fact that producers or writers, largely, is fairly contradicted by Ken Smith, business agent for Local 664 of the film makers' union, IATSE. "You'll find that first members of Canadian institutions are being employed," he says of Anglo-Canadian co-productions, "but they turn out to be carpenters and coffee boys, while creative brains like the direction of photography are nearly always flown in from England."

It appears, too, that some of the major producers make a routine practice of falsifying screen credits and buying Canadian "names" to qualify for "tax shelter" status. The Canadian writers and screenwriters ACTRA, recently received a letter from the Writers' Guild of America to that effect complaining about "tax-back" producers who want to buy American scripts but assign the credits to Canadians.

A decade after *Gone With The Wind*, the Canadian film business is dirty with greed and rife with the knowledge that "tax shelter" will probably be withdrawn in three to five years. There's a *Wild West* atmosphere—shoot now and answer questions later—that has swept up producers and investors alike. That's why Julian Melnick can only to put the most expensive Canadian film yet, a five million dollar effort called *The Lamey* he's preparing to make next year, followed the next year by an \$11 million depiction of the Canadian lynching at Dufferin, called *Gone South*.

Cooler heads say that only the dollars returned to investors from the first film will determine how long the boom will last. But given the apparent abuses, it remains questionable what real benefits even a few Hollywood North successes will have for the fragile Canadian industry. On the other hand, some producers such as Ottawa's CFDC Investments, which will produce two films this year, have definitely used the tax shelter windfall to make out Canadian movies that might otherwise have been made. And well they might—critic head on by John Turner, who as finance minister, wrote the legislation that set it all in motion.

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Books

Aristotle Onassis was very, very different from you and me

ARISTOTLE ONASSIS
by Nicholas Fraser
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When Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy married Aristotle Socrates Onassis, she was a well-known public figure in the midst of the American Revolution. Onassis was a young man who was a Greek God to a Goddess Greek. When the New York Daily News a great deal of it speaking on what this new husband would do for America's dear business. (Quite a bit under husband John charge accounts dragged along in a library \$40,000 a year in the first years of Onassis, estimates of his personal shipping his \$12 million in his last, the marriage might not have been a slowdown but a step up for the President's widow—and not only financially. While she was long on words Onassis was a man of action on deeds. He took his way through marriage and personal life, through and through and he was into the classical aesthetics of the world.

Onassis was born in the Greek quarter of Smyrna on the west coast of Turkey in 1906. His family claimed to be Aristocratic Greeks, which in the speculated social snobbery of the region made them a rung higher than their fellow Greeks. But in 1932 such social pretensions seemed dead and buried under the bayonets and gunfire spray of the victorious Turkish National Army. Sixteen-year-old Onassis managed to escape for the life of his father with several thousand dollars in cash and a few hundred dollars in gold. Later in life he would barter with governments and kings. His techniques recounted with exquisite detail in the superb new Onassis biography by a *Sunday Times*

Greece and Maria Callas on the yacht in 1967 (below), children Christina and Alexander (bottom) just after his divorce from Tina, Jackie O. hearing a New York photographer arriving after he attempted to take a shot of her, and swimming off Skarlinee room in the lap

author of *Onassis* always had a touch more of the cunning of *Anna Karenina* than Hellenic moderation. Onassis' open-palmed professions of sincerity followed by a nation-making business deal almost always seemed more appropriate to the business than the business.

It was Canada that gave him his start in the shipping business. At 20 Onassis took his savings in his Canadian National Shipping vessels that were barely doing for themselves. He paid each \$20,000 apiece—more than the scrap value of the ships—and thanks to Canadian government entrepreneurial spirit he launched his tramp steamer line. His business talent was enormous. He owned the flag of convenience, pioneered "creative borrowing" (using transportation contracts from oil companies to finance the purchase of the ships to transport the oil) and so dominated the Norwegian wharves he contemplated capturing the whaling business that they offered to give Onassis 4,000 tons of whale oil a year (value \$4.2 million) for four years if he got the industry. (He didn't.)



Onassis was unopposed by McCarthy, said by the American justice department and shadowed by the CIA. His ethics were marginal and his politics accommodating. He dealt with Communists or Janus, it was all a question of business.

At last, an oil well is remembered not for the gleaming black windows of Mobil but for the Fifth Avenue Olympic Tower built to his private specifications and for his Olympic Airways or even his oil tanker but for commercial, unbridled generosity. He lived just in time to board his world before the new puritanism of the 1960s made wealth and business achievement a matter of shame and embarrassment. It was a matter of fact. In 1970 he died he explained "My Ten Years For Success." They included "Live in an elegant building—even if you have to take a room in the attic—where you will not be bothered with wealth; successful people in the conditions and on the streets. Frequent luxury gifts even if you have to go to your death."

There wasn't much happening in Ar's life. His women ranged from mere star Jeanne Boudier through Argentina's Eva Peron and from Maria Callas. His lifestyle included his father's yacht Christina with its husband covered in the salt skin of the scum of mutant whales. His friends ranged from Grace Kelly to Winston Churchill. And even his death had a resolute finality. He died that he left these women his daughter to run his estate but with to use it, then sent out of court for \$25 million, and in a lonely state of their best kept—his ex-wife, Maria Callas in the end of what was this life was a broken heart. It was a sad end and a touch of Greek tragedy that would have pleased Aristotle.

- MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST**
- 1 The Silencing, Tahir (1)
 - 2 The Honourable Schoolboy, Le Carré (2)
 - 3 Act of God, Tahir (2)
 - 4 David Martin, Poirer (2)
 - 5 The Thin White, McCullough (4)
 - 6 Dangling Clara, Atwood (1)
 - 7 Dances of the Pink, Robbins (1)
 - 8 Gargoyles, Lee (1)
 - 9 Begotten, Tahir (10)
 - 10 Close To The Sun, Agassi, Callaghan (2)

- NON-FICTION**
- 1 Ten Thousand, Tahir (10)
 - 2 The Chinese Years, Tahir (1)
 - 3 All Things Were And Wonderful, Tahir (2)
 - 4 Dear Mr. Givens (4)
 - 5 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)
 - 6 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)
 - 7 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)
 - 8 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)
 - 9 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)
 - 10 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)

11 The Book Of Life, Tahir (10)

Project by the staff of the
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation



COMMISSION OF INQUIRY CONCERNING CERTAIN ACTIVITIES OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE

Notice as to submissions by members of the public

Order in Council P.C. 1977-1011 dated July 6, 1977, appointed the undersigned as Commissioners under Part I of the Inquiries Act.

- (1) to conduct such investigations as in the opinion of the Commission, it is necessary to conduct in order to determine the nature and extent of the activities of the RCMP that are not authorized or provided for by law and to report to the Commission on the results of its investigations and to advise the Commission on the measures to be taken to protect the security of Canada;
- (2) to report the results of its investigations to the Commission and to advise the Commission on the measures to be taken to protect the security of Canada;
- (3) to advise the Commission on the measures to be taken to protect the security of Canada.

Pursuant to the provisions of the Commission, the Commission proposes to investigate and to conduct such investigations as in the opinion of the Commission, it is necessary to conduct in order to determine the nature and extent of the activities of the RCMP that are not authorized or provided for by law and to report to the Commission on the results of its investigations and to advise the Commission on the measures to be taken to protect the security of Canada.

The Commission invites individuals and organizations having knowledge of any facts relating to such activities, or wishing to express any views or opinions in respect of such activities, to communicate with the Commission if possible in writing. Such individuals and organizations are not asked to communicate in detail to the Commission nor if they would prefer not to give such details until the Commission's staff is able to interview them.

Any written communications should be sent by mail to:
Commission of Inquiry concerning
certain activities of the RCMP
P.O. Box 1980
Ottawa, Canada
K1P 5S5
Tel: (613) 552-7621

Such communications should contain the signatory's printed name, address and telephone number of the person or organization making the communication.

Any other persons who wish to be placed on the Commission's general mailing list should write the Commission at the address given above, asking that they be given notice by mail of any public hearings.

In due course a further notice will be published as to such public hearings as the Commission may deem appropriate for the proper conduct of the inquiry.

Mr. Justice D. C. McDonald
Chairman of the Commission
D. S. Poirer
Commissioner
Guy G. G. C. Commissioner

Chief Counsel to the Commission
J. E. Howard, Q.C.
Secretary of the Commission
W. R. Johnson

Why, even if they do hang together, the provinces may still hang separately

Column by Alan Fotheringham

Everyone talks about what has happened in Quebec over the last 12 months of the Parti Québécois, the Year of the Capitale. What is generally ignored is the few and far between of events in the rest of Canada where the René Lévesque victory on November 15 last year proved conclusively *Provincium* Truism/Concordism as an instant forerunner of the future. Only by examining these happenings can we probe the Canadian psyche.

In Newfoundland, for example, Mrs. Frank Moore solidified her reputation as the first-looking political rift in Canada. Frank Moore also solidified his reputation. Jerry Seinfeld's trademarked the theory of neoconcordism and threatened to invoke it. There was a rumor that Father Menez planned to resign his residence in Newfoundland and the role of neoconcordism. The island was able to remain in existence for Mr. Lévesque.

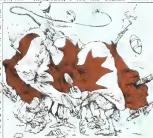
Prince Edward Island took anything over 100 years to become a province. Edward Island? The answer remained as true for 1977 as for other years. If the story ever gets around that French (not those imposters, who are we going to do with?) The province is a hope, as Canada struggles with the Confederation puzzle over the next 12 months, it will be a just one night on "The National."

New Scotia seems the destination of being the most serious provincial Liberal government in the land. As a result, it is tightly thought of as Ottawa. To show its appreciation, Nova Scotia gave the Liberals their greatest gift in years by providing Bob Coates as vice president of the Joe Clark Tories. The Sir from Cumberland-Colchester North, who visited South Africa last summer as a guest of the Yonkers government and returned impressed, has a solution to Quebec's question. His French makes John Diefenbaker sound like Martin Chuzzlewit. The Tories recently have self-inflicted misery. They may yet rise to a 5/11 move.

New Brunswick, however, is a distinct outlier. It has the most vigorous province in Canada's conservative ranks, leading a quiet life. Mainly because no one outside New Brunswick can remember his name, New Brunswick has become a place where, New Brunswick? It has just come out that the 10th Montreal Museum has offered to buy

the Brachio. On the other hand, the government rejected a bid by the Smithsonian Institution to purchase the province's 4th national emblem. If New Brunswick is ever declared a new province, New Brunswick gas, back.

In Quebec, the provincialists have accepted to give up smoking, apparently on the theory that the academic union, assuming from Mr. Lévesque provides them with all the material resources required. The Liberals, a year after Bourassa



plunged off his ego to oblivion are still without a leader. So desperate are they that they actually counted a newspaperman, Claude Ryan, who wisely declared: There is a speculation that even Jean Després might be recruited. If so, they would have to build a retirement roof on the party René Lévesque, saying he does not wish to return any longer to an English God, promptly struck off an official power by endorsing another in Paris. This is progress.

Most significantly, the steady trickle for discount restaurants moved from Ottawa will start in St. Denis. Is this the last dinner stop in the dark of Westernism?

In Ontario, the home of the humble, full-time is in danger of disappearing behind his own other he made had \$2.95 cigar. He has volunteered to return to his political roots, taking things in the Quebec referendum battle. But Mr. Lévesque has decided not to return or accept anything.

took the same opinion as John Turner, the two of them having successfully managed Canada's economy so successfully. The Argon perceived the man drive, thus bringing all the 20 million Canadians who saw (as Cal) right up there with Joe DiMaggio, Howard Call and Amy Carter as terrible human beings. Darcy McKenough's chauffeur has started taking French lessons.

Manitoba's own premier, Sterling Lyon, attended the Tory national convention in Quebec City by speaking French, thereby giving the stock of French and almost doubling the fact that what he was saying was that Western Canadians are not very much interested in Quebec. The Liberals all but disappeared in the election and their only hope, Lloyd Axworthy, had the bad luck to be elected, thus delaying his federal destination.

In Saskatchewan is the darkest province of all. Allan Blakeney, an effective never which counterfeits the fact he is also the insurance. The courts will decide how much he is as the potnik take-over. The provincial Liberals are also doing here, like the ducks. Three different environmental groups have filed official complaints that Air Otto has fouled the ozone layer.

Alberta is contemplating a common currency with Kansas. Peter Lougheed's only political opponent has proven to be the chief. Joe Clark, failing to find a harbor in High River who did not own a soup bowl, has retreated to something called Medea Bay. Services of Toronto, which has provided him with a hospital making him look like the leader of a London park rock group. This is called an advance to democracy.

In British Columbia, there are so many millionaires and our children in the cabinet that the rumor is the future province is to be put on a two-year, 25,000-mile winterly Premier Bill Bennett has taken to a public fitness campaign, forcing judge Dave Barrett to do it. It's the only known case of the more one man jogs, another man loses weight. If Barrett jogs enough, Barrett is soon going to look like Stanley Kowalski.

No longer his country, one 12,000-mile trip tampered the fact that they held power now only on the west and Nova Scotia. All in all, the nation, as you can see, is in good hands.



The Cream. Possibly the most civilized idea the world has ever had.

Settle for more.

More and more is being demanded of cars these days.

Strongly though, the response of many car-makers seems to be for you to sacrifice more and more.

You want more economy? Give up

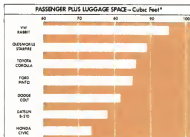
putting our engine in sideways up front. (To appreciate just how much room, check the charts.)

We got more exhilarating performance coupled with our kind of economy than any other car in the world. (Again, refer to the illustration and charts.)

And it's also a more trouble-free car since our advanced 1.5 litre overhead cam engine is fuel injected. (No catalytic converter, no carburetor, no unleaded gas.)

We got more road-holding and handling response by giving the

rear seats are anatomically designed. The front seats are fully reclining. The heating/ventilation system has 3 speeds. As well, the Rabbit's rear window defogs and defrosts electrically. And it boasts 4-wheel



Source: U.S. Environmental Protection Agency—1977 model.

More room.

room. You want more room? Give up performance and handling. Et cetero, et cetero, et cetero.

At Volkswagen, we saw the dilemma differently.

The question was not a matter



Source: CO. 10/77 by Motor Trend, Inc. (1977 model).

More acceleration.

of giving up anything, but rather a matter of getting everything.

And the answer?

The Volkswagen Rabbit.

We got lots more room for four adult passengers and all of their luggage in the back, by

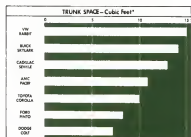


72 KM/H (45 MPH) @ 1700 RPM, 100 KM/H (62 MPH) @ 2700 RPM, 0-100 KM/H (0-62 MPH) in 12.5 SECONDS

More performance combined with economy.

Rabbit a special rock-and-pinion steering system, front-wheel drive, McPherson strut front suspension, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle," and steel-belted radials.

More comfort? Both the Rabbit's front and



Source: U.S. Environmental Protection Agency—1977 model.

More trunk space.

independent suspension.

More safety?

The Rabbit has a long and innovative list of standard safety features, some of which, like dual diagonal brake circuits, you can't even buy as options on most cars.

At any price.

If you want more out of a car, drop by your nearest VW dealer and test drive the remarkable Rabbit.

Why settle for less?



The
Volkswagen
Rabbit

There's no comparison.

*Results obtained using Transport Canada approved test methods using standard instrumentation. Fuel consumption will vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and condition of your car.